

Practical English

DECEMBER 23, 1948 • A SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE



COVER STORY, p. 3

THE SCHEME OF THEMES, p. 2

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... and that's what we mean! This letters column, a regular feature in all editions of *Scholastic Magazines*, is open to opinion on any subject and criticism of any kind, brickbats or orchids. We want to know *what's on your mind*. Other readers do, too. Address Letters Editor, *Scholastic Magazines*, 220 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. — *The Editors*.

Dear Editor:

I am not Jewish, but some of the boys and girls in my classes are, and I would like to know them better. In our neighborhood Jewish students hang out at one drug store, and Protestant and Catholic young people go to another across the street. There's not much opportunity to really get to know Jewish young people.

Recently I heard that some cities—I think New York and Chicago—have youth centers where youth of all religions participate in club work. I would like to hear from students who belong to such a center. Maybe it's what we need.

S. R.
San Francisco, California

Dear Editor:

Your choice of Fred Allen's program as the best comedy show on the air (Jan. 5) is a very poor one, as far as I am concerned. The studio audience gets a lot of laughs, but I get none. A choice of Jack Benny or Red Skelton would have been far better.

You certainly have a wonderful magazine. Our class thinks it is super! Our teacher thinks it is something "out of this world."

Gale Jordan
Sequoia Union H. S.
Redwood City, California

Dear Editor:

I've been hearing a lot about the failure of the United Nations. This disturbs me greatly. If the people who feel that way would only read the history of the United States, they would see that organizations such as the U. N. have to go through many conflicts. Our United States went through the same period as the United Nations is going through today. Our country pulled through this critical period because of work and faith.

Ina Gold
Far Rockaway, H. S.
Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

Practical English

(Combined with PREP)

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ON THE SIDE

OUR COVER GIRL, Ellen Van Deusen, is proof aplenty that New York's famous Wall Street isn't inhabited by "bears" and "bulls" and financial wolves. At the ripe old age of 21, just out of college, Ellen was selected as the first girl to take executive training in Smith, Barney and Co., one of Wall Street's leading investment banking firms.

Along with five other youthful trainees, Ellen is now taking an 18-month training course which includes at least two weeks in each department of Smith, Barney (accounting, buying and selling, research, market analysis, etc.) and three nights a week at banking school — and a regular pay check while learning to become a banker.

How did she get the job? Well, it all goes back to her high school days in Mountain Lakes, N. J., where her mother was a math teacher. (Her father is a researcher.) Ellen had planned to become a math teacher, too, until she became interested in finance and economics. She won a 4-year scholarship to Wellesley (Mass.) College where she was a crackerjack student and won her letter in crew and basketball. Shortly before graduation she was interviewed by a partner of Smith, Barney and selected as a trainee.

Recently Ellen was singled out for a most unusual honor. She was made a member of the Junior Investment Bankers Association — the only girl among 250!

International News Photo



SHINE UP THAT OSCAR! Do you remember our cover boy movie-makers (Feb. 2 issue), Larry Frisch and Mario Mercado? We've just received word from Hollywood that their film short, *This Is Our School*, may be a nominee for an Oscar as the best documentary motion picture of 1947. Larry and Mario, now students at U.C.L.A. (University of California at Los Angeles), submitted a print of their 16-mm. silent film to Margaret Herrick, executive director of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. She said it was the greatest documentary she'd ever seen and persuaded them to make a 35-mm. print of the film, plus narration, to submit to the Academy's documentary committee.

"I'm in Trouble for Good"

— says Paul Whiteman

"WHEN you get a good idea, there's always plenty of trouble in making it work," the "King of Jazz" told us. "But being in trouble for good (purposes) is a good kind of trouble." The greatest of Paul Whiteman's "good purposes" was to turn jazz into a musical composition and to popularize it. He succeeded. The maestro of radio, record, and concert music now has a new purpose — to set up over the country Paul Whiteman Clubs where teen-agers can meet on Saturday nights for dancing, etc. The first such club has already been started by town leaders and teen-agers in Lambertville, N. J.

"How did you become a jazz musician?" we asked "The King."

"That was trouble, too." Whiteman's smile spread over his face. "My father was director of music in the public schools of Denver, Colo., so I grew up loving music. When I asked for a violin, my father made me sign a promise that I'd practice so much each day. When I began to play football instead, he locked me in a room with the fiddle! One day I broke the fiddle. I thought that would end my woes; but my father made me earn the money to replace it. I mowed dozens of lawns, and then bought a viola — because the school orchestra needed a viola.

"My father wanted me to be a mining engineer," the "King" chuckled, "but I couldn't stop playing music."

After graduation from Denver High School, Whiteman got a job as a taxicab driver while he was looking for a musician's job. In less than a year he landed the position of violist in the Denver Symphony Orchestra. Later he played in the San Francisco People's Symphony and in Victor Herbert's Orchestra.

"We called jazz 'ragtime' in those days," Whiteman said. "'Hot' musicians got together and improvised music. I noticed that one night they would play inspired music, and the next night they might be uninspired but couldn't remember what they'd played before. I asked why they didn't write the music down on the good nights and read it thereafter. No one had ever done that."

"The idea fired me. I began playing with various jazz bands and writing down the good jazz. I realized that jazz could really be a form of music. As such, it should be recognized — at Carnegie Hall — along with symphony music. I made up my mind to take it to Carnegie Hall."

Whiteman formed his own band, which soon drew such musicians as Bing Crosby, the Dorsey brothers, Dinah Shore, Ferde Grofe, etc. Jazz a la Whiteman "caught on." In five years he was giving the first jazz concert — to a "sold out" house. Two years later Whiteman gave the first jazz concert at Carnegie Hall.

Whiteman insists that a good musician must know all kinds of music. His theory about people has the same breadth. "What counts about a person is what he *accomplishes* and what he *stands for*, not what his color, race, or religion may be."



THIS story was submitted in the short story division of the 1947 Scholastic Writing Awards. It was also a finalist in a special contest on the theme of brotherhood sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. At the time, Nancy Bakken was in Horace Greeley High School, Chappaqua, New York. Her teacher was Miss Sylvia Kurson.

Nancy's story will, no doubt, arouse discussion (see questions at the end). Since this is Brotherhood Week, it is a good time to look carefully at such problems as Nancy writes about in the hope that we can solve them.

It was raw out. Clouds of heavy mist hung over our heads. My hand felt cold, but the warmth of Dave's was slowly coming to me. Our shoes crunched loudly in the gravel on the sidewalk. Dave was thinking. His breathing came deep and troubled. From the overhanging boughs, a wisp of moisture dropped on my head. It soaked through my scarf, feeling cold and final. A stone got into my shoe. Forward and back it slid, as I walked.

"Stop a moment, will you, Dave?" I said. We stopped. Leaning against him, I emptied my shoe, and we went on. It was awfully quiet.

Slowly Dave turned toward me, "If it weren't for a mere accident of birth..."

"Don't let it bother you, Dave," I begged. "It doesn't mean anything to me, not a thing." We walked slowly on.

I remembered the first time Dave had walked me home. I had felt flattered, because he hadn't gone out with many girls before. He was always on First Honor Roll, and the school paper had called him one of the best all-around athletes in the school. When I told the girls that I thought his arched eyebrow was cute, they laughed at me. I was running after Alan, they kept telling me; I shouldn't try for two at once. Then, he roller-skated with me at Open House and walked me home. I could even remember our conversation.

"I don't want to grow up," Dave had said.

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm happy the way I am. I don't have to work for anyone. I have no cares."

"That's right," I said, "but there are loads of things you can't do now that you can do when you're older."

The night was quiet as we sauntered up the hill. My shoes flopped from the heel as I moved. Dave turned his head and gave me a quick look.

"Alan played a good game of ping-pong tonight," he said. He was probing my mind. I knew, because he had pressed my hand.

"Alan does everything well," I said as I tipped my shoe to let a rock fall out.

"The Run of Them"

By Nancy Bakken



"You like him, don't you?"

I was startled. "I like everyone," I answered.

"Sure," he said, with a squeeze of my hand. We were home. "I leave you here," he said. "You've given me food for thought."

His last words had puzzled me. He must have liked me, because he would walk me over town before practice. Once, for good luck, he let me try on his varsity jacket. I liked Dave, too. The papers began to say, "Pat and Dave," and some people referred to us as "that swell couple." I went out with other boys, but I had the most fun with Dave.

I looked up at him. He had a kind of sixth sense about people watching him, and he lifted his eyes from the sidewalk. The arched eyebrow was sagging a little and his brown eyes, which looked green sometimes, were thinking.

Early in the winter, our gang had been invited to a party at Dave's house. He felt that he owed one, because everyone else had had a party. He'd been invited to the others for me. We rode over to his house in his father's new Buick, which shimmered when the moonlight struck it. After our coats had been put away, we went into the living room. It was big, with modern furniture in the right places. Even the ash trays matched. The Victrola was con-

cealed in a table at the end of the couch. Everything was perfect. I sat on the couch away from the others. Carol came over to where I was sitting and said to me softly, "You never know what to expect from these Jews, do you?"

Trying to hold my temper, I said, "No," quietly, and changed the subject. Dave came through the door, trying awfully hard to balance a tray of sodas in one hand. He finally gave it up and passed the tray with both hands. It seemed to me a rather futile attempt. His guests, because of their noise, failed to notice. By the time the ice cream had been doled out and everyone had begun talking loudly, Dave was perspiring. His dark hair glistened with moisture.

"How about some music?" I said to the bunch, as I opened the top of the Victrola beside me. Dave bent over to explain the controls. Together we got the records set for a long time. Then, with what I thought was a continental air, he bent from the waist and asked for the first dance. He looked so tall and thin standing over me that I felt fat. We danced.

"Happy?" he asked.

"Very," I said. Carol turned the lights out and we were dancing in darkness. By the light coming in the windows, I could see Dave smile. I smiled back. At the end, Dave left to dance with his other guests.

"Dance?" said Alan to me.

"Sure," I said.

"Dave's a nice guy," said Alan, "not at all like the general run of them."

I didn't say anything.

"You and Dave going to go steady?" he asked.

"Uh uh," I said with no conviction.

"That's good. No use going in too deep with these fellows."

"How's photography coming along?" I said. That was always a good question to ask Alan.

Dave came at last, and gently tapped Alan's shoulder.

"See you later," said Alan as he went off.

Dave danced close and held my right hand tightly to him. We didn't talk; there was no need to. We were both happy the way we were.

Now, with Dave near me in the damp air, I felt good. I'd be happier, though, if Dave weren't so quiet and off in his thoughts. We were almost home.

"Night," said Dave when we reached my door.

"Good night," I said. Quickly I went inside. I knelt in front of the dining room window and watched him walk down the driveway. His eyes were trained on the ground.

(Concluded on page 15)

THE SCHEME OF THEMES

"I HAVE a problem," Miss Fiebig said when the class had quieted down for business one day. "It's themes."

"Huh!" Chick Harris exploded, then quickly clapped his hand over his mouth.

The class laughed. Miss Fiebig couldn't help smiling.

"Let me read you this theme from another class. Then we'll talk about the problem," Miss Fiebig continued.

Here's what she read:

My First Visit to the Dentist

My first visit to the dentist was in the summer and it was a hot day and I had the toothache. I don't remember how old I was but it was the summer that Aunt Ella visited at our house. Aunt Ella is a card, always laughing and having fun. She never liked school neither; especially writing themes.

As I was saying I went to the dentist. $\frac{1}{2}$ page to here. The dentist was a big man with an ascent. Russian maybe. I had to wait in the waiting room until it was my turn. It was a hot day and getting hotter all the time. There was more women waiting than men. Maybe women have more toothache than men. They talk so much may be that's the reason why. I think it's important to know the reason for things. How would a man like President Truman know what to do if he didn't.

Pretty soon it was my turn. The dentist said, well, Tom, what's the trouble? 1 page.

You see he knew my name, so I told him I had the toothache and he said let's take a look.

Sure enough my tooth was decayed and he had to pull it out. Boy did it hurt. He yanked hard and it came out in two pieces. My mouth was numm because he had froze it. When it thawed out it ached where my tooth wasn't. I didn't sleep all that night except when I dosed off.

I have never liked a dentist since and I guess no one does. I even wonder why any woman marries a dentist. So that was my first trip to the dentist. 2 pages Amen.

"Why do we write themes anyway?" Miss Fiebig questioned when the laughter had subsided.

"I've wondered that myself," Hap Amon said slyly. "I guess it's an easy way to make you work hard; like medicine, it's good for you."

"I asked my father that same question," Claire Rank interrupted. "He teaches English at Creston High and he's forever bringing home themes to correct. He says 'discouraging' is the word for it. Dad says that themes are important, though, for three reasons:

"Writing themes teaches you to think



straight, to organize your thoughts, and to develop your imagination."

"Let's put those reasons on the blackboard," Miss Fiebig beamed. "One more question —" Miss Fiebig turned to the class. "Why aren't themes more interesting?"

"We can't think of anything to write about," Lyman Martin volunteered. "I can't think of two pages on anything. I can say everything I know in one paragraph."

"I think," Dan said, "we should choose topics we know something about — those that interest us — basketball, stamp collecting, etc."

"Maybe you have the solution to Lyman's problem. Choose a subject that interests you and then gather material," Miss Fiebig suggested. "The period, however, is about over. I'd like to summarize the discussion but, first, the assignment for tomorrow will be —"

"Please, Miss Fiebig —" Claire Rank spoke up.

"Yes, Claire," Miss Fiebig said.

"I'm all excited about this class discussion. Couldn't we continue it for tomorrow? Couldn't we appoint committees to study the problems connected with writing themes?"

Several members of the class nodded vigorous assent.

The class voted to meet as a club the next day, with Don Leidy as chairman. The students really worked on that assignment.

Mr. Chairman

"To be brief," Don began, "I'll report first, for my committee, on the purpose of themes. Then I'll call on the other chairmen. We took the three purposes that Claire mentioned yesterday.

"Clear thinking, organizing your thoughts, and developing your imagination are necessary tools of life. Clear thinking keeps you on the right track — a well-balanced person. Organization helps you to accomplish your purpose and to make the most of your opportunities. Imagination helps you to develop new ideas — to create opportunities for yourself."

The student who wrote the dentist theme did not think clearly when he said more women than men have toothaches. His theme was poorly organized and it skipped from thought to thought and back again. He didn't show much imagination either. He needed to write themes to develop those qualities."

When Don finished his report, he turned to Claire, who hurried up to the front of the room. "I've already written on the board a list of theme subjects.

"Write about what you know and like, if you want to be interesting. If Ike Eisenhower seems like a person you really know, then write about him. If he's just a 'current event' that you dig out of *Current Biography* or the newspapers, leave him alone. You won't gain much in writing a theme, if you just copy from an encyclopedia."

"You can write about your gripes — why you hate to shine your shoes; you can write about your favorite Joe or Jane; about dancing, banana splits, orchestra leaders — anything that really interests you."

Collect Your Material

Analyn was the next speaker. "The *dentist theme*," she explained, "is a 'horrible example' of what happens when you don't have enough material for writing a theme. You can't begin to create a theme until you collect your materials. Once you've chosen a topic, you must have supplies — mental pictures that have merged into words, phrases, or sentences — before you begin to work in earnest. What if you can't think of anything to say? If you don't know how to begin? Try this trick: think about your subject in terms of your five senses: seeing, hearing, smelling, feeling, and tasting."

"Let's take the dentist theme for example. What thoughts come to your mind?

"A drab waiting room . . . magazines scattered about . . . an old lady with a handkerchief over her mouth . . . a crying youngster . . . a nurse in white . . . a dental chair, tools. Note how many of those ideas come from looking at things."

"Now take hearing: *The grinding of a dental machine cleaning teeth . . . the nurse saying, 'Next' . . . some man groaning in the chair.*

"Smelling: *The smell of ether . . . the funeral scent of carnations in the waiting room . . . of antiseptic, of cleaning solution on the floor.*

"Feeling: *The coldness of the metal chair . . . the chill of the water poured in your mouth.*

"Tasting: *The antiseptic on the forceps . . . the blood in your mouth.*

"Do you see what we're doing? We're taking the first steps in building a theme. We've assembled a mass of material. What we do with the material depends on our imaginations, our writing skill, our vocabulary, and our knowledge of grammar."

"Gee, Analyn," Don said, as she returned to her seat, "you'd write an Edgar Allan Poe horror theme out of that trip to the dentist. You have chills running up and down my back."

"Here's the real problem," Chick began, "planning and writing your theme. I'll confess that we went to Claire's

father for help. He said that for model airplanes or for houses, you have blueprints; for cakes you have recipes. For themes, too, there are rules to follow."

Here is the rest of Chick's report:

1. *Make a rough outline of what you want to say.* Take the trip-to-the-dentist theme. Analyn gave you a list of all the sights and sounds, etc., connected with the trip. Next, divide your ideas into logical groupings. You might use a time sequence arrangement: first, the awful stories you've heard about going to a dentist; then your mounting fear as you ride on the trolley toward the office (the grinding wheels remind

have finished, stop! If you've included everything and said it well, you'll only bore your reader with a summary.

At that point Chick announced that Ione Wilson would report on *Checking your theme*.

"I put my report," Ione explained, "in the form of questions and answers. *Checking your theme* is important if you want an A grade; it's surprising how many slips you make in your first copy."

Corrections, Please

Here is Ione's report:

1. *Are the sentences simple, complex, or compound?* This may sound elementary, but Claire's father says that it is important for theme success. Be sure each sentence fits one of the three patterns. (If you can't recognize them, make a date with your grammar book.)

2. *Is every sentence complete with a subject and a predicate?* Look at the dentist theme on the side board over here. What about this sentence: *Russian maybe?* Is that a complete sentence? Do the subject and predicate agree in number in this sentence: *There was more women waiting than men?*

3. *Do the modifiers modify, or do they dangle helplessly?* Be on guard for mistakes like this — *Having eaten our lunches, the ship departed.*

4. *Is your spelling correct?* Are you certain about every word? If not, check with the dictionary. The student who wrote the *dentist theme* did not proofread for "slips of the pen." He misspelled *dentist, accent, dozed*, and *numb*.

5. *Is your punctuation proper?* Refer to your grammar book constantly to be sure that every comma, question mark, etc. is in the right place. Thoughts in the *dentist theme* were strung together with too many *ands*; frequently punctuation was forgotten: A comma is missing in both of these sentences: *As I was saying I went to the dentist. Boy did it hurt.* Hurt should be followed by an exclamation mark. Quotation marks should have been used around *well, Tom, what's the trouble?*

6. *Do careful, neat work.* Don't even dream of handing in the erased, crossed-out version. Ink is business-like. Unless your teacher asks for a certain type of paper, use large, lined notebook size with a margin on both edges of your writing. Indent for paragraphs. Don't crowd your words.

"That completes the reports," Don said, turning to Miss Fiebig.

"You've done a wonderful job," Miss Fiebig congratulated the class. "Now, let's see how it works in practice. For tomorrow, please write a theme — any length — any subject. . . ."

"You can't win," Hap said under his breath.



you of the sound of dental tools); your rising fear as you wait in the waiting room; then the nurse beckons you into the inner office and what happens there.

As you make the outline, jot down reasons and examples that come to mind. When you start writing, you'll enlarge on them, and weave them smoothly into the pattern of your theme.

2. *Plunge in and write.* Start scribbling all the thoughts that started percolating when you jotted down ideas and drew up your outline. Don't worry about sentences or paragraphs. Just get down everything you want to say.

Keep writing until it's all there. Don't stop when you have 500 words, just because Miss Fiebig said to write 500 words. Try to forget the length of the assignment. When you check your work, you'll probably find you don't want to use everything you wrote. It's easier to cut out than it is to pad. When you

The Critic's Vocabulary

OUR MOVIE editor recently received a letter which pointed out that our review of *Magic Town* had described the film as having many *comic* situations; yet our "Movie Check List" listed the film as a *drama*.

"Will you please tell me," begged the reader, "whether *Magic Town* is a *comedy* or a *drama*, as I certainly don't want to see a *drama*."

Our friend evidently thought that a drama is always a pretty grim and gloomy affair. Actually a drama may use both comic and tragic incidents, depending on which will put across the point of the film better.

That letter made us wonder if other readers might be a little hazy about the meanings of the terms movie critics use. Can you spot a *satire* at ten paces? Is *documentary* just a five-syllable word that sends you scooting for the nearest western?

In order to help you be a better judge of the movies you see, we're giving you here a short list of dramatic terms.

What Is Drama?

In a general sense, all the films you see are dramas. A drama is a series of events which have "dramatic unity." (This means that the plot has a beginning, a middle, and a conclusion.)

The term *drama* is often used in a more specialized sense (as in our "Movie Check List") to refer to a serious film which uses a "straight" dramatic treatment in telling its story (in contrast to a comic, tragic, or satiric treatment).

Gentleman's Agreement is an example of a straight dramatic treatment. It tells the story of a man's fight against prejudice in a realistic manner.

A good drama has a tightly-knit plot; all of the characters and events in it have a bearing on the main theme. A good drama deals with worthwhile subject matter. An audience will not be moved to great emotion or concern over a trite or trivial problem.

Would you be deeply concerned over a millionaire's loss of his top hat? You might be amused, but probably not moved. But you probably would be concerned over the problem of a boy whose father does not understand him.

Tragedy is a drama which excites pity or terror in the audience by depicting a series of unhappy events. In

a. tragedy the leading character is brought to his downfall because of some headstrong passion or some lack in his own character.

Comedy is a drama of a light and amusing, rather than a serious, nature. A comedy always has a happy ending. The chief purpose of comedy is to entertain.

A film which has a serious point, but which presents its ideas in amusing fashion, is called a *comedy-drama*. *Magic Town* is an example of a *comedy-drama*. The director of *Magic Town* wished to point out the virtues of life in a small town. He put across his point through the use of many comic scenes. The result was good for laughs; but the sole purpose of the film wasn't to make you laugh. A Bob Hope film, on the other hand, rarely has any purpose other than that of entertainment.

Burlesque is a term applied to a particular kind of comedy. A burlesque is based on broad humor—the slapstick, pie-throwing variety; its subject matter is ludicrous, rather than merely laughable.

Back in the days of silent films, most of our screen comedies were burlesques. Without the aid of a sound track, the audience best understood the humor that could be demonstrated with a lemon pie. Now we like a little more subtlety in our humor. We want our funnymen to be witty in speech, as well as wild in their actions.

The best comedy is always more than a string of gags. Most gag lines are forgotten as soon as we leave the theatre. Comedy of situation is a higher form of comedy, and comedy of character is even better.

Dear Ruth was a comedy of situation. The whole plot problem was humorous. (Remember—a serviceman arrived on the scene to marry a girl who had been writing him letters, when all the time the girl's teen-aged sister had been penning the love letters and signing her sister's name?) *Life with Father* was a comedy of character. The film was funny mainly because Father Day was an amusing fellow.

Melodrama is the word for exaggerated drama, just as burlesque is the word for exaggerated comedy. If the term *melodrama* makes you think of a villain with a long black mustache, you aren't far wrong.



Bernard in Saturday Review of Literature
"I wonder if it's any good . . ."

A whole film may be treated as a melodrama in order to create increased suspense; or individual scenes in a "straight" drama may be treated melodramatically to set them off as important. *Mourning Becomes Electra*, although it was actually tragedy, came close to being a melodrama. It was photographed with an exaggerated and striking use of blacks and whites in composition and in costumes. Several of the cast also went in for acting in the "grand manner."

When unintentional, melodrama (like burlesque) is merely laughable and a sign that the film has failed in its purpose. Sometimes when a director has a poor or unexciting script, he thinks he can cover up its shortcomings by exaggerating the little drama it has. When he does this, he's cheating, and his film impresses us as being phoney.

Satire

The purpose of *satire* is to ridicule the vices or follies of the human race. It accomplishes this by cutting wit and sarcasm.

Although at first hearing, a satiric speech may sound like a comic speech, you will soon realize that satire cuts deeper. The film director is not merely laughing at someone's foolishness (or wickedness); he is trying to laugh it out of existence.

Our film makers don't use strong satire often. However, *The Senator Was Indiscreet* comes close to being a satire. The film was an hilarious take-off on pompous politicians; but underneath the joking you couldn't help but feel that the authors of the screenplay were saying that our political system could stand considerable improvement.

Musicals, Westerns, Mysteries

The *musical*, the *western* and the *mystery* are three kinds of films (each with a formula of its own) which are concocted mainly as a pleasant escape. They are rarely meant to be taken as serious drama; and there is little real characterization in them.

(Concluded on page 15)



Test Your READING SKILL

SOMETIMES an author explains to you exactly what his characters are thinking — and tells you why they're behaving in a certain way; but often an author prefers to let his characters speak for themselves.

Then he includes remarks in the dialogue which explain the characters' thoughts and actions. (The dialogue, you know, is the part of the story which appears in direct quotations, the part which shows that the characters are speaking.) A good writer can express a great deal in dialogue. A sign of good dialogue is that it sounds completely natural; each character's speeches fit his personality.

In "The Grand March of the United States of America" (page 13) some of the dialogue may not sound completely natural to you; but these same parts of it are good because they help to explain the story. Unless you read the story with enough understanding to catch these fine points, you might have missed some of the hidden ideas.

Quote, Unquote

In each question below you'll find a quotation which is part of the dialogue in the story. Can you answer the questions about each statement?

1. "The Book say, when the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest."

(a) Who made that statement?

(b) What did he mean by it?

(c) How did one of the other characters react to it?

2. "I don't know why you had to break the string."

(a) Who made that statement?

(b) Why did the breaking of the string bother this character?

3. "Everything was as clear as the sun coming in at the windows. Our victory was real, there was truth and understanding between us and our allies, peace was possible. . . . But my faith in these things didn't last. It got lost somewhere between that night and now. So I thought, if I could hear Sergeant Taylor's music again —"

(a) How does that speech sum up the main idea of the story?

(b) How does it help to explain the very beginning of the story, where you're told only that Captain Hammond was afraid, and that it was men's doubts that made him afraid?

4. "He was born with a misery of music in him!"

(a) Who made that statement?

(b) About whom was the statement made?

(c) Did both the characters have the same attitude towards music?

(d) Can you explain each of these characters' attitudes toward music and can you explain the reason for their attitudes?

5. "Somehow your brother was using that music as a language to tell the truth about America. Because it was the truth, there were discords that hurt your ears to listen to."

(a) Judging from that speech, do

you think that Buddy considered everything about America perfect? (Do you think the second sentence of that speech might hold good for anything or anyone who tells the truth? Can you think of any truths which are painful to face?)

Words, Words, Words

A. To get the most out of every new word you meet, you must explore it thoroughly. One step in this exploration should be to find both a synonym and an antonym — a word with the opposite meaning — for your newly-found word. From the group that follows each italicized word, check the word which is its synonym and underscore the one which is its antonym.

1. *condescend*: (a) admit; (b) deign; (c) humiliate; (d) disdain.

2. *impotence*: (a) weakness; (b) sadness; (c) power; (d) utility.

3. *imperceptibly*: (a) very slightly; (b) distinctly; (c) pleasantly; (d) alertly.

4. *languid*: (a) hard; (b) spoken; (c) listless; (d) energetic.

B. It's also important to know how to use your new words. If you know the meanings of the italicized words in the following sentences, you'll have no difficulty choosing (and underscoring) the word in parentheses which will make sense in the sentence.

1. We (a-congratulated, b-sympathized) with him because of his bereavement.

2. John (a-looked at, b-jumped towards) the small boy in swift appraisal.

3. Her soft laments were (a-painful, b-lovely) to hear.

4. When I (a-collided with, b-interrupted) Alice and Lucy, I could see that they resented the intrusion.

Answers in Teacher Edition

LEARN TO THINK STRAIGHT

"SINCE we beat Deer Park's team, we might be city hockey champs!" Bud twirled his hockey stick. "Deer Park was our toughest competitor."

"Maybe the umpire won't be on your side in the next game," muttered a player from the losing team.

"Say," Bud retorted in a surprised voice, "I take that as a challenge for me to prove that we won honestly — and I can prove it! Both teams had about the same number of handicaps; I can name almost every foul made. As a matter of fact, our team seemed to get the tough breaks on the fouls. I can explain just how we made each goal and how our goalie blocked your two at-

tempted goals. Exactly what do you think was unfair?"

The complaining player had no answer.

Bud had defended his team's honor. He answered the criticism squarely. He gave the other fellow a fair chance to explain his criticisms and continue the discussion. Bud showed that he knew what he was talking about.

Suppose that, instead of making the answer he did, Bud had retorted hotly: "I can claim that the games you've won have been unfair, too!"

That time Bud wouldn't have answered the criticism squarely. He would merely have flung back a counter-criticism. Let's look at the results.

Would Bud have succeeded in defending the honor of his team? No, he wouldn't. Would that answer have been fair and calm? No, it gave no facts for the suspicion he cast on the other

teams. Bud would have left everyone feeling uncomfortable.

In the example below, check the statement that answers the criticism.

Crit.: You were too careless with our money when you were treasurer.

— a. I stand on my record. I've been the treasurer for two years.

— b. I'd like to see someone else do better.

— c. The account book will prove that I have not been careless. I will gladly show it to you now or any other time.

When someone criticizes you, *aim your answer straight*. If you're right, prove it with facts. If you're defending your opinion, show that you know what you're talking about.

Sloppy aims cause confusion and hard feelings. A good discussion can be as exciting as a good ball game — if you aim the answers *s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t*.

Dear Joe,

from JANE

9

What a creepy character your co-salesman Mr. Schlink sounds like! You have every right to be annoyed when he snatches customers from you under your very nose. Doesn't he have any idea of what's "cricket"?

If he hasn't, he probably started off on the wrong foot way back at the beginning of the road. I know a number of kids our age who are following in his wayward footsteps. Unless they change, they'll surely end up as "Schlinks."

There's one boy, for instance, who burns the midnight oil — figuring out complicated schemes for making crib notes. He lists names and dates and formulas in tiny print. By the time he's finished, he really knows the stuff "cold," but he doesn't trust himself. He always uses his crib notes. The silly part is that he's so nervous about being caught that he sometimes copies the notes incorrectly. Since he really *does* know his work, wouldn't he be better off if he accepted the exams as an honest challenge?

Then there's Bea — oops, I mean a girl in my class whose reports are always a faithful transcription of articles in the Encyclopedia Britannica. She gains time, of course, but she loses the chance to learn how to use the library, how to track down facts, how to organize and outline her notes. What if someday she gets a job where she needs those skills? She'll be sunk before she even launches her career!

I blush to admit that "yours truly" has one strike against her record on that score. One time my English teacher asked us to write autobiographical sketches. I was "too busy" to do mine, so I "borrowed" a few pages from Eleanor Roosevelt's autobiography. I paid heavy interest on that loan, though. My theme came back marked "You and Mrs. Roosevelt have much in common!" I was so unhappy about it that I almost knocked myself out writing good, *original* themes for the rest of the semester. One of them was even printed in our yearbook. If I hadn't been caught, I might never have discovered my small talent for writing. More important, I might never have recovered my self-respect. That was worth much more than a few blushes.

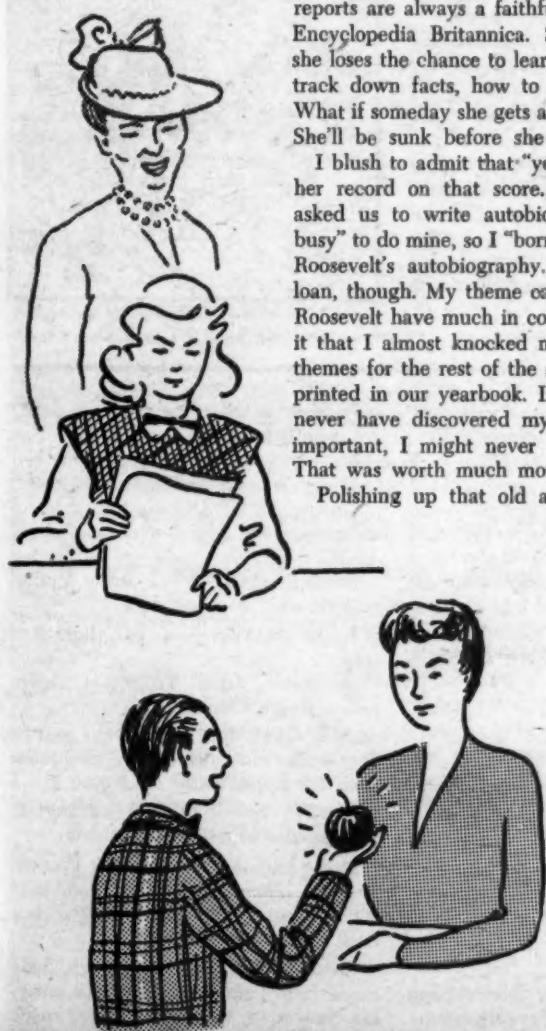
Polishing up that old apple for the teacher is another

thing that perplexes me. Don't get me wrong; I'm not suggesting an *anti-faculty* policy, but isn't it hypocritical to be friendly to teachers just for the sake of wrangling good grades from them? There's so much you can get out of a sincere friendship with an older person like a teacher; but you're cutting off your nose to spite your face if you're constantly thinking of impressing the other person so you can get something out of him.

It works the same way on down the line. The boy who snatches someone else's idea for a club project (and offers it as his own) not only makes an enemy but also stifles his own imagination. The girl who always copies her best friend's homework is forfeiting her own right to learn something. It seems to add up to this: When we try to "put one over," we're not putting it over on anyone but ourselves. Just whom do we think we're cheating?

Sincerely yours,

Jane





PERFECT

LET'S pretend that you're corresponding secretary for Creston High's Student-Teacher Book Committee which recommends books for the school's approved book lists. You've heard of Scholastic-Bantam books, and you'd like to know more about them.

Here's the letter of inquiry that you write.

Creston High School
1900 Plainfield Avenue
Sauk Center, Illinois
February 28, 1948

Scholastic Bookshop
220 East 42nd Street
New York 17, New York

Gentlemen:

How much are your books? Would they be interesting to high school students? Do they come *c.o.d.*? Is there any discount for group orders?

The reason I ask is that I am a corresponding secretary. At Creston High, we have a book committee made up of students and teachers who work together to choose the books for the school reading lists. At the present time we are revising the lists before mimeographing them for next fall.

Thanking you in advance, I remain

Yours truly,

Daisy Ann Hubble

Your batting average isn't good when

it comes to writing a letter of inquiry. You'd better check that letter again!

Make It Clear

Word your inquiry so clearly that even Gracie Allen would understand what you want to know. If your inquiry includes several points, paragraph each one or list them in numerical order.

Is your first question clear? Do you mean Scholastic-Bantam books which are reprints of novels and short story collections? Or do you mean the sports series (swimming, wrestling, football, etc.), *Boy dates Girl, Hi There, High School* or other Scholastic Bookshop books?

Let's start again.

Will you please send me any circular or pamphlet that you have on Scholastic-Bantam books?

That meets the first requirement of a letter of inquiry:

1. Give the subject of your inquiry, either as a question or statement.

2. Give specific details, definitions, etc. You're interested in books with literary merit and student appeal, aren't you? Give examples: books by Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, etc.

You have some specific questions to ask about the prices of Scholastic-Bantam books. Those questions will make a *third* paragraph: How much are the Scholastic-Bantam books? Is there any discount for group orders? Can the books be shipped *c.o.d.*?

3. Give the full reason for your in-

quiry. You used an awkward sentence ("The reason I ask is because . . .") to introduce your paragraph of explanation. Let's improve the usage. Leave yourself out of it. (Corresponding Secretary, Student-Teacher Book Committee under your name will identify you.) Just tell why the committee is interested in Scholastic-Bantam books.

4. End your letter courteously. Modern girls don't arrive at the office in a horse and buggy. Dobbin has retired and so has "Thanking you in advance, I remain!" "Yours truly" or "Sincerely yours" is enough.

5. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope of convenient, business size. Even better, enclose a stamp with one edge lightly stuck to the fold of your letter.

Now write a make-believe letter of inquiry to the Scholastic Bookshop. For extra credit, pretend you're a secretary in the Bookshop, and write a polite answer to your letter of inquiry.



BUTCH Evans used to think that interior decorating was "sissy stuff." He became interested in it, though, when he and his sister started to redecorate their rooms. But Butch's vocabulary was so meager that his tongue slipped a number of times on his first shopping tour:

SALESMEN: May I help you?

BUTCH: Yes, thank you. First, we'd like to see a large chest of drawers for a man's room.

SALESMAN: Well, how about that *highboy* in the corner?

BUTCH: In the corner? I don't see any one over there . . .

SIS: Oh, Butch! (to salesman) We'd prefer a low bureau in *bird's eye maple*.

SALESMAN: Right now I can only show you one with a *maple veneer*.

SIS: No, that won't do. Hmm — I like those *hassocks* very much, but I don't like the colors. Do you have one in *beige*? You see, the wall in my room has a *dado* which I'm having painted *chartreuse*. Since the *hassock* will be beside the wall, I'd like it to be a neutral color.

BUTCH (half-aloud): *Dado*? I thought that bird was extinct!

SALESMAN: I can order a *beige hassock* for you.

BUTCH: Say, Sis, Mom said she wanted to buy a porter for the hall doorway, and a *chaise longue* for her room. Maybe we could get them for her.

SIS (sternly): That was a *portiere*, Butch, and a *chaise longue*. And let's finish our own shopping first. (To salesman.) Have you any *maple chairs*?

SALESMAN: Yes, here are some with *rattan* seats.

BUTCH: The seats look good enough to me, but if you say they're rotten, why should we buy them?

highboy—a tall, roomy chest of drawers mounted on high legs.

bird's-eye maple—maple wood marked with dark spots resembling birds' eyes.

veneer (ve NEER) — a thin sheet of valuable wood glued over a cheaper wood.

hassock (HAS-uk) — a sturdy, stuffed cushion used as a footstool.

beige (BAYZH) — a soft, light tan color.

chartreuse (shar TRUZ) — a sharp, yellowish-green color.

dado (DAY doh) — the lower part of any wall, when differently decorated from the upper part.

portiere (pore TYAIR) — a curtain hanging across a doorway.

chaise longue (shays LONG; French; literally, "long chair") — a combined couch-chair; an elongated chair with a back rest at one end only.

rattan (ra TAN) — very tough, long stems from palm trees, used for weaving chair seats, tabletops, etc., on rustic furniture.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT



Vol. 4, No. 4, February 23, 1948

NAME _____

CLASS _____

Watch Your Language!

Hold on to your hats! Do you say:

I did it.	or	I done it.
I have did it.	or	I have done it.
I begun my lessons.	or	I began my lessons.
He swum three miles.	or	He swam three miles.
I sung the song.	or	I sang the song.

Feeling a bit dizzy, eh? Then sit down and take a rest. There's nothing the matter with you that a few good shots of *Practical English* won't cure.

First, let's try to find out why these sentences make your head spin. Take the first pair:

I done it or I did it.

I and *it* are no trouble, are they? It's *did* and *done* that bother you. Which is it? Of course, you can guess at it — but after a few guesses at the rest of the sentences, you go haywire because you don't know what you're doing or why.

Those words are *verbs*. You've heard about them before and, of course, you know what they do in the sentence. They tell something about the subject — what it's doing or feeling or thinking, etc.

But verbs do something else. They tell *when* the subject is feeling, or doing, or thinking.

This is where things begin to be complicated. You get confused because you don't know which verb to use in order to show *what time* it is in the sentence — or *when* things are happening. In short, you don't know the *tense* of the verb. (*Tense* means *time*.)

Relax now — and we'll see what we can do with tense. Every verb changes its form (some only slightly, others more radically) to show a change in time. It works like this:

Present (now): I *bat* the ball, or I *am batting* the ball.

Past (yesterday): I *batted* the ball or I *was batting* the ball.

Future (tomorrow): I *shall* or *will* or *am going to* bat the ball.

There's no mystery about all this changing of tense. Most verbs follow a very simple rule. They form their past tense by adding *d* or *ed* to the present. They form the *future* tense by placing *shall* or *will* or *am going to* before the present — like this:

Present Tense

rot

hate

Past Tense

rotted

hated

Future Tense

shall or will or
am going to rot
shall or will or
am going to hate

Easy as pie, isn't it? Let's see.

A. *Underline* the verb or verbs in each of the following sentences. Two point for each. Total, 20.

- I came; I saw; I conquered.
- I like Gene Krupa's playing.
- Brush your teeth and comb your hair.
- I have done the foul deed.
- We shall hear the Glee Club today.
- I sat under the hair-dryer for two hours.
- Forgive me if I laugh.
- Stop! Look! Listen!
- His music moves me deeply.
- He called me a "creep." What is that?

My score _____

B. In each of the following sentences, insert the proper *tense* of the verb to show what time it is. Two points for each. Total, 20.

- Yesterday I _____ the car easily.
(start)
- If you are good, I _____ buy you cookies.
(buy)
- Today I _____ a man.
(am)
- In that game, the Giants _____ the Dodgers off the field.
(bat)
- I can _____ with the best of jitterbugs.
(dance)
- I am sure he _____ next Tuesday.
(win)
- The detectives _____ in time to catch the burglars.
(return)
- I think I _____ wood burning.
(smell)
- George Washington _____ successfully.
(retreat)
- During his lifetime, Wilson _____ hypocrisy.
(hate)

My score _____

Are You Spellbound?

Last week the *Benevolent Order of Spelling Demons* met and chose the following "star demons":

1. *Embarrassed*. The tough spots to watch for are the *rr* and the *ss*. Nothing will help you here but your eyes; so visit your oculist for a check-up and then take a long look at the double *rr* and the double *ss*. Close your eyes and try to *see* those doubles.

2. *Exaggerated*. Just practice seeing double *gg* and you'll have no trouble with this one.

3. *Familiar*. There's a *liar* in this word. Try that old gadget we gave you. Mispronounce the word — say *fami + liar*.

4. *Fascinate*. This word is pronounced as if it had no *c* in it. The *c* is silent. That's what causes all the trouble here. When you pronounce it to yourself, come down hard on the *c* and say it like a *k*: *fasc (k) ate*. You'll get a weird-sounding word, but you'll remember it!

5. *February*. Here he is — an old, old *familiar* (say *liar*) face. Doesn't he *fasc (k) ate* you? Watch for that first *r*. Say *February* — and it's all yours.

6. *Handsome*. This word is really two words: *hand + some*. The *d* isn't pronounced. That's why so many people trip on it.

7. *Knowledge*. This one is two words, too: *know + ledge*. It's the second word that bothers most of us: *ledge*. Watch for the *d*.

Surprise!

Each week we are going to list a number of humdinger demons — guaranteed to make you the envy of your friends — if you can spell them. Keep them in a special asbestos note book! Later we'll slip you a special *monster demon* spelling bee!

We'll start with a few fairly easy ones:

abcess abysmal affidavit affiliated almanac

Now test yourself on this quiz. If there is a misspelled word in the sentence, mark it *W* and correct the misspelling in one of the spaces below. Mark the sentence *C* if there are no misspelled words. Two points for each. Total, 20.

- ____ 1. Your actions *embarrassed* me.
- ____ 2. I was born in *February*.
- ____ 3. *Knowledge* is power.
- ____ 4. Aren't you ever *embarrassed*?
- ____ 5. "The face is *familar*," he said.
- ____ 6. I was too *embarassed* to speak.
- ____ 7. You *fasinate* me!
- ____ 8. The report of my death was *exagerated*.
- ____ 9. Isn't he *hansome*!
- ____ 10. A little *knowlege* is a dangerous thing.

My score _____

Words to the Wise

A. Have you ever tried traveling with words? If not, get on board and take the trips that are posted below. To be a perfect passenger, you must make the trip in the number of stops indicated. On each stop, you may change only one letter — and the change must result in another accepted English word. For instance, here's how you'd travel from *PAST* to *SOON* in *five* stops: *PAST, POST, LOST, LOOT, LOON, SOON*. Count 6 points for each "trip." Total, 30.

1. From **HEAD** to **FEET** in *three* stops.

2. From **HAVE** to **LOSE** in *three* stops.

3. From **GOOD** to **FOUL** in *three* stops.

4. From **LOVE** to **HATE** in *four* stops.

5. From **GIVE** to **TAKE** in *four* stops.

My score _____

B. How tactful can *you* be? If you were to apply the adjectives in Column I to your friends, they might consider you insulting. In Column II you'll find words which are almost synonyms of those in the first list, but which your friends would gladly accept as compliments. Count 2 points for each pair you match. Total, 10.

Column I

- ____ 1. queer
- ____ 2. tactless
- ____ 3. stubborn
- ____ 4. domineering
- ____ 5. conceited

Column II

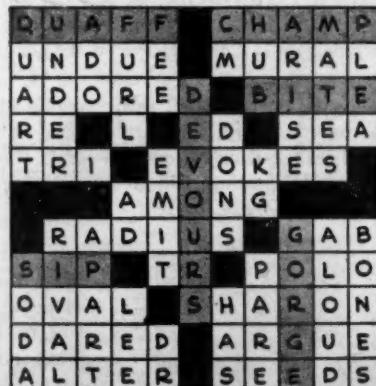
- a. masterful
- b. unique
- c. self-confident
- d. determined
- e. frank

My score _____

My total score _____

Answers in Teacher Edition

Answers to Last Week's Crossword Puzzle



Coming Next Week: Another Crossword Puzzle!

The Grand March of the United States of America

HE HAD come at evening because it seemed the best time to find them at home, but the blackness of the stairs was a physical shock. It was as if he had plunged back once more into the gloom of Europe's rubble heaps. There was no light above the entrance hall, and Captain Hammond had an uncomfortable feeling that he was lost.

He reached out and grasped the stair rail. It was loose and shaky under his hand, but at least it served to remind him that he was mounting the steps of a tenement on 113th Street near Lenox Avenue in Harlem, in the City of New York, in the United States of America.

David Hammond knew that he had come on a doubtful pilgrimage. But long months ago he had promised himself to make this call.

He climbed steadily to the fourth floor. A scrawled card on the mailbox in the entry had informed him that the Taylor family lived in Apartment 4-A. He took out his cigarette lighter and by its meager light found the right door. Behind it he heard radio music. He snapped shut the lighter, and instantly, as its small flame died, the darkness overwhelmed him like a wave.

He stood helpless, afraid not of this actual dark but of its likeness flooding his own mind. Captain Hammond wore, among other decorations, the ribbon of the Silver Star for gallantry in action; and yet he was afraid, and knew it—and knew that his fear was of the shadow he had seen in men's eyes, on their faces, wherever his duty on the Continent had taken him.

He had seen too much uncertainty. Too many people who weren't sure of their next meal, or their next breath. Too many faces lifted to the sky, not in hope but in grim wonder whether the sun would rise tomorrow.

Thinking of tomorrow reminded him of the ordeal he would have to face in the morning. It was nothing more than a routine physical examination, but Captain Hammond dreaded it. The medical men would find him organically sound . . . but those psychiatrists! They'd prod and pry into the state of his mind, the state of his spirit, till they found that doubt which had partially paralyzed his will.

For some time past, it had cost him an effort to make even the least decision, or issue the slightest order. If the psycho boys discovered that weakness it would mean the end of the only



career for which he had been trained. It would mean goodby to the Army.

He lifted his hand and knocked on the panel he could not see. Someone came with quick steps to the door and opened it. David Hammond, a tall man, found himself looking down at a young woman whose upturned brown face startled him with its unmistakable familiarity. He was astonished not so much by this recognition as by the fact that he remembered so clearly the original—the face of the boy he had last seen alive many months ago, and of which the young woman's face was a true but softer copy. Over her shoulder he saw three vague figures sitting motionless in a dimly lighted room.

"Are you—?" he began, then changed his question. "Is this the Taylors' apartment?"

"I'm Lucy Taylor," the girl said. Her eyes moved in swift appraisal of this stranger, this white man who wore the cloth, if not the manner, of authority. For the first time in years, David was conscious of his uniform.

"My name's Hammond. Captain Hammond. I've come—"

The pause that followed was curiously disturbing. He said, "You must be Buddy Taylor's sister"—and felt like a man who had smashed his way out of a dream.

"Buddy?" the girl said. "Why, yes.

By Dana Burnet

I—" Then he heard her catch her breath. "Buddy?"

"I knew him," David said. "He was in charge of a platoon of engineers attached to our headquarters near Pilsen, Czechoslovakia."

Lucy Taylor spoke in a low tone that had the resonance of an organ note. "Come in, please."

He stepped into the room. It was lighted by a single lamp with a pleated, brown paper shade that stood on a card table near an overstuffed sofa whose springs dragged on the floor. On the sofa sat two women; a dark-skinned girl, with a baby asleep in her arms, and a big-bosomed, gray-haired matriarch in a black dress, with a proud black face that seemed to Captain Hammond wonderful in the lamplight. The only other person in the room was an old man wearing a stocking cap and a shabby, brown dressing gown tied with a string around his waist, like a monk's robe. He sat erect at the window and stared out into the mild autumn night.

"Mrs. Taylor, I hope you won't think this is an intrusion. I've been looking forward for a long time to meeting you and your family. I got your address from the Army chaplain who wrote you about your son."

THE eyes flickered momentarily. "I heard you say you knew Buddy." Then the matriarch resumed her impenetrable mask. "Lucy," he said, "introduce the captain to your sister and grandpa."

Lucy's sister was the girl with the baby. Her name was Mrs. Williams. The grandfather was the old man by the window. When Lucy introduced him he got up and bowed gravely.

"Lost my son in the first World War and my gran'son in this one," Grandpa Taylor said. "I was at El Caney in Cuba in '98, but I don't study 'bout war no more." He sat down again, and turned his wrinkled, leathery face to the night. "I got no comfort but my Jesus now," he said.

"Lucy," Mrs. Taylor said, "get a chair for the captain."

There was only one other chair in the room. Lucy pulled it into the circle of lamplight, then sat down on the sofa between her mother and sister. He said to Mrs. Taylor, "I've come to ask a favor—or rather to try to find something that may not even exist. It has to do with your son, and I—"

(Continued on page 16)

A Room of Your Own

WHAT a mess!" you sigh as you wander into your room on a dark, cloudy afternoon. No doubt about it, your room is a far cry from the manly den, or the dainty boudoir, of the movies and the slick-magazines. A hodge-podge of odds and ends, it doesn't reflect your taste or your personality.

"You know, Mom, my room looks down-at-the-heels," you begin at dinner.

"Well, if you would put things where they belong," your mother retorts, "and stop bouncing on the bed, and keep your feet off the radiator . . ."

A half hour later, you and Mom and Dad have struck up a deal. You can furnish your room on a limited scale if you'll plan your purchases intelligently, and if you'll take care of the new furnishings. In carrying out your second promise, common sense will be your guide. Consumer sense should be your guide on the first pledge.

Advance Planning

First, take stock of what you have. Look over your room critically. Make a "blackball" list of such specific faults as drab colors, muddled color schemes, dull accessories, poor lighting, poor locations for reading and studying, and unnecessary pieces.

Now examine every stick of furniture in your room. Label everything as "Worthless," "Usable," or "Needs fixing." Don't overlook any possibilities. Perhaps your bed takes up too much space. That doesn't mean that you need a new bed. If the frame and springs are good, why not renovate it? A good carpenter can saw down the headboard, the footboard, and the legs — and there's a studio couch! Your drapes may not suit your fancy, but wouldn't a simple dye job spruce them up? (You'll find other suggestions like these in the many home-making magazines.)

Second, make a complete list of what you must buy. Include everything — from an easy chair and book shelves to a desk blotter.

Third, canvass at least five stores — department stores, small neighborhood shops, and second-hand stores. You're window-shopping to do two things: to get furnishing and decorating ideas, and to get a line on prices.

"And this brush, madam, does those hard-to-get-at places."



Bob Barnes in Saturday Evening Post

You may discover useful, space-saving pieces of furniture of which you'd never thought: hollow hassocks that provide storage, as well as sitting, space; bureaus which, in addition to drawers, have small closets where you can hang jackets and blouses; desks which can double as dressing tables; day beds with storage space underneath; etc.

Make careful notes about prices. List minimum and maximum prices for everything you'll have to buy. List the differences in quality, too.

Fourth, go home and revise your list. Adding up prices is your first problem. Does the total come within your budget? If not, how can you cut it?

Perhaps you'd rather sacrifice that expensive desk so that you can buy a really good easy chair. What do you use for a desk? Try this trick: Buy two low unpainted chests. Stand them about eighteen inches apart. Cut a board to size and nail it to the top of the chests. Add paint or varnish, and you're set for studying. Smart head-work and handwork will bring your plans in line with your budget.

Rules of Thumb

Now that you're set to buy, follow these suggestions:

Wooden Pieces

1. Check all joints, seams, and corners. Don't buy anything that is simply nailed together. To be sturdy, pieces should be either *doweled* or *dovetailed*. (In doweling, wooden pins are sunk into the edges of two pieces joined together to hold them securely. In dovetailing, the two pieces of wood themselves are cut so that they fit tightly into one another.)

2. Examine everything carefully to guard against warped or buckled wood. Check especially dresser drawers and backs of chests.

3. Look for varnishing or waxing on the sides and bottoms of drawers. Without it, they'll warp and stick.

Check for a thin sheet of wood — called "dustproofing" — between drawers. This is a sign of good construction.

4. Look for corner blocks under the seats of chairs and underneath table tops. These are triangular blocks of wood, screwed to the rails, which prevent the dowels from cracking under pressure.

5. Don't overlook the unpainted-furniture department. Much unpainted furniture is well-designed and well-made.

Upholstered Pieces

1. Try to check the wooden frame for solid construction. (See above.)

2. Buy a practical, closely-woven fabric. Smooth cotton or wool is best; nubby and pile fabrics collect dust and wear poorly.

3. Beware of cardboard bottoms under upholstered sofas and chairs.

4. To save money, buy sofas and chairs "in the muslin" (without a decorative fabric covering) and make slip-covers for them.

5. Check the label to discover the type of stuffing in the piece. Hog-horse-, or cattle-hair is best; cotton-felt is acceptable.

6. Check the label for the stuffing in the cushions. A combination of 80 per cent feathers and 20 per cent down is excellent.

7. If your slip-cover material is not pre-shrunk, have it washed or cleaned before your covers are made.

In General

1. Choose furniture with straight, simple lines. It looks better, is more versatile, is easier to clean, and is often cheaper.

2. Test everything you buy. Turn on lamps, sit in chairs, hold curtains against a window. Buy for comfort and utility, as well as for looks.

3. If possible, buy at sales. Furniture sales, throughout the country, are held during February and August.

"The Run of Them"

(Concluded from page 4)

The next morning, I went to school, feeling the way Dave had looked. My books were heavier than usual. I hit bumps in the walk that I hadn't noticed before. The kids seemed far away and the halls were quieter than usual. I went into the girls' room to comb my hair.

"What's the matter, Pat?"

I looked around.

"Oh, hello, Carol. I'm OK," I said.

"You sure don't look it," she said. "Gee, you look like you had the worries of the world on your shoulders. Couldn't be Dave, could it? He just isn't good for you." She combed her hair as she made faces in the mirror. I picked up my books and went to my home room.

When the bell rang, some of the kids quickly left the room, others just moved their seats for the next class, and some, like me, were stalking with their heads down, thoughtfully. The lower hall was noisy. The sophomores had banged out of their homeroom and were pushing their way to the stairs. I hardly saw Dave as I walked over to the staircase. He touched my shoulder.

"What's the matter, Pat?" he asked.

"Nothing," I answered.

"Don't you worry now. You bother me when you look so low," Dave said softly as he went off down the hall.

I hurried to my locker and, by force of habit, took my two English books out. As the late bell rang, I slid into my seat. Class started. Miss O'Reilly read something in her rasping voice. Generally, I listened to what she said, but now I scarcely heard her as she droned on. I was thinking about the conversation at the table that morning.

"Pat," my mother had said in her most reserved tone, "don't you, well,

aren't you seeing too much of Dave?" "What do you mean?" I had asked.

"Well," Mom said, with a slight clearing of her throat, "don't you think you could see a little more of Bixey, or Alan, or some of the other members of your church age-group? Some of the ladies at the bridge club yesterday were talking. Well, what I mean is that Dave is . . ."

I remembered how I had looked at her and how we had finished breakfast in silence.

Miss O'Reilly was talking about Shelley. I wondered, to myself, why the world didn't have more people who toss hate-breeding discriminations back to those who started them. Shelley did that. My mother wanted me to forget about Dave, not to see him, let the fact that he was of another religion put a wall of polite how-do-you-dos between Dave and me. I figured that the time would come, some day, when I'd have to choose between hurting my parents or someone else whom I liked very much. Why, I thought, can't parents see that there are things in life bigger than differences in faith?

The clock in the back of the room clicked off the minutes. Books were being closed. I thought, next period I'll have to do something . . . something . . . The bell rang.

I went out into the hall.

"Hey, Pat! Wake up!" said Alan's voice from behind me.

"Lemme have your trig book for next period, will you?" I asked him.

"Sure," he said, "anything for you."

According to my watch, I had two minutes to talk to Dave before the late bell. I saw him. His thinness made him look lonely. My eyes wandered over his face. His black hair was lapping around his part, for he never could apply the rule that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. There was nothing about him, from the freckles on

his nose to his arched eyebrow which made him different from anyone else.

"Listen, woman," he began.

"My name is Pat," I said, looking at his hair to avoid his eyes.

"How about the movies Saturday?"

"Movies?" I stopped. "Dave," I began, "Mom said this morning that . . ."

He didn't let me finish. "Me?" he asked with a shake in his voice.

"You," I said, "but she's all off, Dave. She is," I went on quickly.

"Your mother is your mother," Dave said quietly. "You can't forget that."

I couldn't say anything. I looked at his eyes. The eyebrow wasn't arched. We got in when the late bell rang.

Trig was a jumble. I tried to get out of class before Dave, but I couldn't. He was there, beside me. We walked through the dark upstairs corridor without talking. We were in front of the Latin room.

"Dave," I said, as he turned to go, "what time will you pick me up Saturday day?"

"Seven," and he strode down the hall smiling.

Well, at least there will be Saturday, I thought, as I went in.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Was Pat going to see Dave less often?
2. Do you agree with Pat's attitude towards her friendship with Dave?
3. Why do you think Carol had a different attitude toward Dave than Pat had?
4. What do you think Pat could do to make her family more tolerant of Dave and his family?
5. What about you? Do you judge people for their individual worth? Are you prejudiced by their religion or nationalities?
6. Have you been guilty of spreading religious or racial prejudice? Do you tell stories in which a member of a racial group is made to look ridiculous? Do you laugh at such jokes on the radio?
7. Do you quietly express your disapproval to people who make prejudiced remarks?

Critic's Vocabulary

(Concluded from page 7)

The backbone of a *musical* is its musical numbers. These are strung together by a simple, amusing plot.

The *western* provides an escape by using simple dramatic action. Cowboys execute feats of derring-do against the background of an idealized frontier.

The *mystery*, like the western, does not pretend to be solving real problems or commenting on life; but for the action of the western, it substitutes a mental problem. This problem is usually unrealistic and its sole purpose is to give your wits a workout and your spine a tingle.

Any one of these three escape formulas can be turned into serious drama

by adding a dramatic theme to its stock ingredients. *Crossfire* followed the mystery formula, but a stimulating theme was added. Once we had solved the mystery, we had some important ideas to turn over in our mind. *Song of Love* rose above the average song-and-dance musical because it was a serious presentation of the lives of the famous Schumanns. *Sea of Grass* had a western setting, but added a complex plot and good characterization.

Documentary

You're going to be hearing more and more about the *documentary*, which is a factual film. Newsreels and the *March of Time* shorts are documentaries. They use actual people, settings, and events, rather than actors and Hol-

lywood settings, to educate the public on serious subjects.

The "documentary technique" is beginning to be applied to entertainment films. This is one of the most important trends in Hollywood at the moment. Producers have discovered that a film story is more convincing if presented in a realistic manner. *Call Northside 777* and *T-Men* are two current films which use the documentary style.

This is the fifth in a series of articles on "How to Judge Movies." Next week: Foreign Films vs. Hollywood.

Is your critic's eye becoming keener? If it is, why not try writing some reviews of movies you've seen recently? Send them to us, and we'll publish the best student reviews on this page at the end of our series.

The Grand March

(Continued)

"My son is dead, isn't he?" the mother said.

"Yes."

"Killed after the war was over and done."

"Yes."

"Over and done," she said, with a finality beyond lament, beyond even bitterness. "I don't ask why. I got over asking why Buddy had to do that terrible work, whatever they call it —"

"Demolition."

"Whatever big name they call it, he was doing what the gov'ment told him. Gov'ment took him the way it took his father in '17. Carried him across the ocean, and Buddy hated it and was proud of it, too. Got blown up by a German bomb" — (It was a mine, David thought mechanically) — "a week after peace had come, and they buried him in foreign ground. What more does the gov'ment want of him?"

He said, "I'm here for a purely personal reason. The last thing I did before I left Pilsen was to visit your son's grave. I wanted to pay my respects to a man I met only once, but will never forget."

The three women stared at him.

Mrs. Williams' baby stirred and whimpered. She patted it till it slept quietly again. Lucy said to David, "Just what is it that you came here to find, Captain Hammond?"

HE looked at her with sudden relief. "Your brother was a musician," he said.

"Why, yes, he played piano."

"He was also a composer, wasn't he?"

"Why," Lucy said, "he was always making up tunes and playing them. But I don't know that you'd call him a composer."

"I would," David said. "But maybe I'd better tell you my whole story. It starts with a party we gave for the Russians at our regimental headquarters in Czechoslovakia. It was May 13, 1945."

Lucy glanced at her mother, then at David. "The day before Buddy was killed," she said.

"The night before, yes. The war ended on the seventh and on the tenth a group of Russian officers, the staff of one of their units opposite us, asked some of us to a celebration. Three days later Colonel Grace, my commanding officer, returned the compliment. He invited the Russians to dinner at our headquarters."

The faces of his listeners showed only a faint and puzzled curiosity. He hurried on: "We were living in a country villa not far from the line. The villa

was handsomely furnished. There was a grand piano in the drawing room."

He paused, aware that he had struck a spark between the women's memories and his own. He said to Lucy, "I first saw your brother sitting at that piano. He wasn't playing anything. He just sat there with his hands resting on the keyboard and his head turned as if he were listening to something inside the instrument."

"I know!" the girl said. "I can just see —" She did not finish the sentence.

"We'd come in from the dining room after the longest and most tiresome dinner I've ever sat through." Any attempt to embellish or dramatize it for their benefit would have been an inexcusable condescension. "We couldn't get to first base with the Russians. They'd been good hosts at their own party, but now they acted as if they were afraid or suspicious of any friendliness. We'd had a lot of toasts, but nobody seemed to loosen up, and the whole thing dragged like a bad movie.

"They were combat men, just as we were — some of them wore the Stalingrad medal — and we admired them and made half a dozen speeches saying so. They made speeches, too, but I got the impression that they thought our contribution to the victory was mostly technical and mechanical. On the human side, we and our Soviet friends were a long way apart.

"A couple of them spoke a little English, but they were cautious about using it in front of their fellow officers, so almost every word had to be translated by interpreters. It struck me as a kind of stupid practical joke that we should all be eating the same food and drinking the same drinks, that we had all fought the same war for the same reasons, yet couldn't speak the same language.

"As it turned out, your son had the only language that was worth anything. His music saved the evening. It did something more. It spoke for us Americans as we never could have spoken for ourselves."

For the first time Mrs. Williams, the young woman with the baby, broke her curious, dreamlike silence. "How come Buddy was there?"

David said, "He'd appeared at a victory concert in the Pilsen Municipal Theater a couple of nights before. His playing had stopped the show. Colonel Grace heard of it and he asked Sergeant Taylor to come to the villa. I happen to know the invitation was a request, not an order."

Lucy said, "Buddy would play for anybody, any time, anywhere he could get his hands on a piano."

"Yes," Mrs. Taylor said, and suddenly her great bosom heaved. "Oh, yes, Lord! He was born with a misery of

music in him!" There was a kind of anger in her eyes.

"The chords come natural to him," Mrs. Williams said.

"Natural or unnatural," Mrs. Taylor said, sighing. "Buddy grew up with his head full of tunes and his fingers fixed to play them. Taught himself by working in bars or dance halls or any place they would let him practice. Every new piece he heard he was possessed to learn it. But it was his own tunes that really deviled him."

David leaned forward. "Did he ever write them down?"

The blank look came back to the matriarch's face. He turned to Lucy. "Did your brother ever write down the tunes he played? I mean his original compositions?"

"No. At least I don't think so." Then, aware of his eagerness, she said, "Why do you ask, Captain Hammond?"

"Because I heard him play something, on the night we entertained the Russians, that I'd hate to think was lost. I'd hate to think it was one more fine thing lost —"

His voice was too loud. He controlled it and went on quietly: "The party was almost over — I remember the windows of the room were getting gray — when Buddy stood up.

"He said to Colonel Grace, 'Sir, now I'd like to play something special for this occasion. It's a piece I've been carrying around in my head for a long time. I call it The Grand March of the United States of America.'"

*I*t was strange how the rhythm of the words brought back to David Hammond the exact look and mood of that scene in the villa. He could see the Soviet officers in their dress uniforms, their blouses covered with medals and their shoulder boards giving them a stiff, square look. He could see their faces as Sergeant Taylor's long title was translated to them. Their expressions showed that they expected an outburst of musical boasting. Then Buddy began to play. . . .

Captain Hammond said to Mrs. Taylor, "When he'd finished — he must have played for an hour — our colonel got up and went to him and shook hands with him. The rest of us followed, and so did the Russians. They kept shouting 'Bravol Bravol' and I saw one of them unpin a medal from his blouse and shove it into Buddy's hands. They had heard something that really moved them, something they understood and respected."

He stopped, conscious of values beyond his power to project. He had told it as well as he could in terms of fact; but there was no way he could convey to them either the quality of Buddy's

music, or the kind of truth it had let loose in the room, a truth deeper and stronger than words, that had broken the tension between the two groups as a thunderstorm clears the air on a stifling summer day.

He said bluntly, "I came here hoping to find the manuscript of your brother's composition."

Lucy said, "Do you have any reason to believe there ever was such a manuscript?"

"Only that Buddy said he'd been thinking about his Grand March for a long time. Then, too, it seems incredible that he could have improvised such a complicated thing. He played it as though he knew it by heart."

Lucy said gently, "I don't think he ever put anything on paper. I don't think he could." She looked sidelong at her mother. "Mama, was there any-



thing like a music manuscript in the package the chaplain sent us?"

"No," Mrs. Taylor said. "It was just my letters to Buddy and his watch and a medal and some little things."

"What about the box he tied up before he left? That cardboard box on the shelf in his closet?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Taylor said. "I never opened it or bothered it, except to dust it. I don't know what's in it."

Lucy got up and walked quickly out of the room.

From his chair by the window Grandpa Taylor spoke his ancient mind. "The Book say, when the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest."

It was a ghostly warning, empty as an echo; yet David was grateful when the old man's protest was overborne by the fretting of Mrs. Williams' baby.

Lucy came back into the room. She was carrying a shoe box tied with a white string. She sat down on the sofa and held out the box to her mother, but Mrs. Taylor folded her hands.

"You thought of it. You open it, Lucy."

The girl tried to loosen the knot, then broke the string and removed the lid from the box.

David drew his chair closer.

"I don't know why you had to break the string," Mrs. Taylor said.

No one answered.

There was a spinning-top, cracked down one side; a soiled cheesecloth marble bag; a Christmas tree ornament in the shape of a swan; a slingshot; a small metal airplane; a jackknife; a greenish copper penny; a homemade baseball — the kind boys make by winding tar-tape around a hard rubber core; a mouth organ; and a small American flag furled on its slender stick.

Except for the mouth organ, there was no hint of Buddy Taylor's musical life, which apparently he had lived without record or visible symbol. . . .

"I'm sorry, Captain Hammond," Lucy said.

David stood up. "I'm sorry, too," he said.

Mrs. Williams gathered up her baby and rose from the sofa. "Well, time to say good night," she murmured, and walked with easy languid grace from the room.

Mrs. Taylor got up and stood facing David.

"It was kind of you," she said, "to come and tell us about Buddy."

"No," he said, "it wasn't kindness. It was just — it was something that seemed important to me." But he could not tell her why. You could never explain the really important things, and yet he felt he must say something more. "You see, I'd counted a good deal on hearing your son's music again."

"I would rather hear his voice again," the mother said, "but I got to wait till the Judgment Day."

She said it calmly, without grieving or complaint; but the dark face, the dark stately figure seemed to Captain Hammond the personification of bereavement. He thought of the thousands of her sisters he'd seen in other lands, the shadowy ones to whom suffering had brought the final equality.

He thought of the great democracy of sorrow that made no distinction of kind or color in the faces it set its seal upon; and in himself he felt the fear that had nothing to do with cowardice, but was rather despair of a world unable to make the one distinction that counted — the simple, vital difference between man and man-beast. . . .

"Ain't so long to wait till the Judgment," Grandpa Taylor said. He began a slow, stooping advance toward the sofa. "Anybody study Scripture know the first sign already been fulfilled. Like it say in the Book, hail and fire mix with blood going to be cast down upon the earth — and it sure been cast down!" He came into the lamplight, stopped and lifted his arms. They were like charred branches thrusting from the sleeves of his dressing gown. "Then

the sun going to turn black, and the stars fall, and all us poor sinners going to hide from the wrath of the Lamb. For the great day of His wrath is come —" The frail voice gasped and broke, the scarecrow body drooped in sudden impotence, bent double by a twitch of pain.

"There now you see!" Mrs. Taylor said. She went to the old man quickly.

One moment he was the inspired prophet, uttering solemn portents of doom; the next, he was a shriveled child being helped by a woman to the humiliation of his bed.

"You will have to excuse us, Captain, please." Then the door closed on them, and David was alone in the room with Lucy Taylor.

"I'm afraid I've upset you all," he said.

"No . . . No, I'm glad you came. It makes me feel better about my brother." She didn't raise her head. "I miss him . . . We were twins. I guess twins are specially close —" Her speech blurred, became clear again. "Now I can think of him always in that room, sitting at the piano the way you told it, the way I used to see him —"

"Well —" David said.

"You said it was *important* to you, Captain."

"My coming here? Yes. But that was just an excuse."

"An excuse?"

"The truth is I was looking for something I seem to have lost. Something I had once — a feeling — a conviction —"

She looked up at him then; and he wondered confusedly why the faces of saints were always painted white or ivory or rose. He had never seen anything saintlier or more compassionate than this autumnal face.

He went on. "I've told you I thought Buddy's Grand March was great music. The reason I thought so was that it gave me a feeling I'd had only once in my life before. That was when I was crossing the Channel on D-Day, when I stood on the deck of an American transport and saw with my own eyes the power, the greatness, of our America in action."

The piece your brother played for us had that same greatness. Except that he seemed to get at the thing behind the ships and the planes and the guns, the thing inside the men, behind them, going back to the factories and the homes, the farms and the streets they'd come from. The thing going back — the spirit, I suppose you'd call it — reaching all the way back to the Hudson River rebellion, to Concord Bridge and Lexington. . . .

He had thought he could never tell it or explain it, but it did not seem impossible there in the room in the lonely night with Buddy Taylor's sister.

"I don't mean that what we heard was patriotic bragging or even a military march, though it was full of the sound of marching —"

"Oh!" the girl said softly.

"But it seemed closer to the music of your own spirituals . . . and your brother was using that music as a language to tell the truth about America.

"Because it was the truth, there were discords that hurt your ears to listen to. But even in the discords you could hear the note of power, the people moving forward and the greatness finding itself . . .

"I think that's what impressed the Russians; that, and the fact that they heard in Buddy's masterpiece a revolu-

tionary faith much older and deeper-rooted than their own.

"They'd been taught that Americans were reactionaries, modern barbarians out to conquer the world with money and machines. Yet here was an American enlisted man, a member of what they call a minority group, telling them something different. When he'd finished, and we were all crowding around, I heard their ranking officer say to him in English, 'But this is revolutionary music!' And Buddy said, 'Yes, sir. Every good American is a rebel at heart. Our people got the habit way back in '76, and they've never gotten over it.' Then he looked straight at the Russian and said, 'It takes a free man to be a real revolutionist, sir.'

Captain Hammond leaned back, put his hands to his face and drew them down slowly across his eyes. "I remember what your brother said, I remember the impression his music made on me, but the feeling I had about it is gone.

"It was strong and clear to me then. Everything was as clear as the sun coming in at the windows. Our victory was real, there was truth and understanding between us and our allies, peace was possible . . .

"But my faith in these things didn't last. It got lost somewhere between that night and now. So I thought, if I could hear Sergeant Taylor's music again —"

His hands were still. They covered his eyes, and he sat very still, because he was hearing it. There was a sound in the room that he did not identify at once because it seemed an echo suddenly released from his own memory. Then he realized that Lucy was singing, humming, the theme of her brother's American concerto.

"My God, how did you know?"

She did not answer him directly. "I remember now," Lucy said. "It was the summer we were ten years old. Fourth of July . . . and they gave us the little flags and we marched up Lenox Avenue to some hall on 125th Street." Her lips smiled faintly. "There must have been hundreds of us kids marching in our Sunday clothes and all our flags waving because we kept fanning ourselves with the flags . . .

"They had a band for us to march to, and when I looked at Buddy I saw he was excited about the band. His eyes were big and shiny the way they always got when he heard music, and he walked so light I knew he felt proud.

"It was hotter than ever in the hall and I felt sorry for the man making the speech.

"It was all about the first Independence Day and what it meant and what the flags we were carrying stood for. He said the world had never had but two ideas about government: one that it should be master of the people and the other that it should be servant. He said the first meant slavery no matter what name you called it and the second was freedom. He told how America had made its choice for freedom, and how there were some who said it would never work and some who abused it and others who were afraid of it, but it was still the best idea anybody's ever had, and someday it would lead human beings everywhere out of darkness.

"Then it was over. When we got home I was tired, and wanted to sit on the steps till suppertime, but Buddy said no, we were going to play the marching game.

"I said, 'What game is that?' and he (Concluded on page 21)

How to work wiles to get smiles



1. The face of that charmer in your class may be deadpan, but it's still de-lovely. See if you can win a grin from the gal by making a public appearance in a handsome Arrow outfit — Arrow Shirt, Arrow Tie, Arrow Handkerchief.



2. She's still frowning, despite your clowning. But at least your horseplay demonstrates your horse sense in choosing clothes. That trim Arrow Shirt, for instance, with that flattering Arrow Collar.



3. She's weakening now. Play up your advantage with a quick chalk-talk about your teacher. She may not think you're funny, but she will get to appreciate your Arrow ensemble.



4. That did it! She's smiling, and beguiling. It's a million-dollar smile, and she just wasn't spending it too freely! MORAL: Wait a while to rate a smile. And while you're waiting, see those Arrow Shirts, Ties and Handkerchiefs at your dealer's.

ARROW SHIRTS & TIES

Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sports Shirts

BOY dates GIRL

ALL RIGHT — so you did leap off on the wrong foot. And the world came tumbling down!

You tried to high-pressure Sylvia into a big park-and-spark session on your first date with her. And now if Syl looks your way at all, it's with less affection than she greets a ten-page algebra assignment.

Or maybe you let yourself be sold a "go steady" contract because it seemed the surest way of getting around. Only now Mr. Super Salesman has found another customer. And all you have is a broken contract and a doorbell nobody rings — not even the postman.

You can now dash off and join a convent or the Foreign Legion. You can cultivate a cynic's smile and try to persuade the world that life's not worth living. Or you can take ten deep breaths and a fresh start. We recommend the last.

Q. On my first date with a girl, we had a big misunderstanding on the subject of necking. I didn't see why I shouldn't rate a few good-night kisses if she liked me well enough to date me. When I made a pass, she blew up, and she hasn't spoken to me since. I'm still crazy about her. What can I do?

A. You can say you're sorry — if you really are. If Sylvia won't give you a chance to apologize for your strong-arm tactics in person, write her a note.

Everyone respects a fellow who can own up to a mistake. If you swallow your pride and tell Sylvia that she's won the argument and that you'd like to continue the game — on her terms — she may give you a second chance.

But don't blame her if she doesn't. She has good reason to doubt your sincerity. Most any girl distrusts a boy who starts "pitching the woo" the minute she gives him a friendly smile.

It looks suspiciously as if he were more interested in the woo than the woman; as if he were out for conquest and nothing else; as if he expected every and any girl to succumb to his charm on a first date; as if he didn't know the meaning of *real* affection.

If Sylvia says "no thanks" to a second date, figure out the moral of the story. Could be there's more to this boy-girl whirl than you'll discover in a rumble seat. Although you can hardly count Sylvia among your conquests, she seems

to have you fascinated. Is it the way she dresses, the sparkle in her conversation, her interest in people, her enthusiasm, or just a feeling that she's on the "up and up"? It's probably a combination of all these things.

If Sylvia sells herself to you in so many ways, you shouldn't expect to make an impression with nothing but your Casanova charm. A girl expects courtesy and consideration, and occasionally a little intelligent talk.

Next time you take a girl out — Sylvia or any other girl — don't expect the Great Lover act to get you by. If you keep trying the same corny line, the word will get around — and you won't even get as far as a first date with the other gals.

Q. Two years ago I moved to a new town. At first I made a hit with the girls. But then I met some boys I liked and started hanging around with them. They smoked and stayed out late. Suddenly the other boys and girls dropped me cold, and now I don't rate a date or even a smile from any girl in town. I know I got off on the wrong foot. But how can I get back in with the "high class" boys and girls? Should I break up with the boys they dislike?

A. You shouldn't break up with any group of friends merely because someone else disapproves of them. Neither should you go along with the gang — if you don't respect what the gang stands for.

The solution lies in deciding what *you* stand for. If you don't believe in drifting around town until all hours, don't do it just to be "one of the boys." The important thing is to be *YOU*. If you like a solid eight hours' sleep and would prefer to spend your time on some constructive hobby or school activity, map out your own schedule.

There's no need to announce to your nighthawk friends that you're *finished* with them. Maybe they got off on the wrong foot, too, and don't know how to start over. If they see you sign up for the Science Club, a few of them may be inspired to join you.

As for getting in with the crowd you admire, your actions will speak louder

than words. If you spend a few evenings on your history assignments, instead of standing on street corners, the girls will see that you're a fellow who's going places. If you go out for the school paper, you'll be working with the boys and girls you want to know, and they'll get to know you.

Q. I've been "going steady" for a year. But suddenly my "steady" called the whole thing off. I've never been so lonely. What can I do?

A. You can sit in your darkened room and play Bill's favorite record over and over again. You can weep over those notes of undying devotion. You can skulk around corners praying for a glimpse of a certain green sweater. You can turn down your girl friends' invitations so that you'll be in reach of the phone *just in case* . . .

Or you can face up to tragedy, forget about yesterday, and start planning for tomorrow. The other boys are used to thinking of you as "private property." You'll have to show them that you're "back in circulation."

Join the girls at the drugstore. Call up some of the friends you've neglected because of "steady" dates, and ask them to come 'round for a taffy pull. Try out for the Dramatics Club play. Sign up for that afternoon job you really wanted, but wouldn't take for fear it would interfere with Bill's plans. New interests will fill the Big Gap that Bill left. And they will provide an opportunity to meet some new and interesting faces.

Note for the future: When an interesting face starts to become a "special" face, and the new flame proposes a "steady" arrangement, remember this is where you came in — heartbroken and lonely. You run the same risk whenever you devote *all* your interest to one man.



by Gay Head



Twenty-four-year-old Eunice Stunkard, above, recently returned to her New York home after two years in Europe, where she worked for UNRRA and the U.N. International Refugee Organization. She tells of the "displaced persons," the 850,000 Europeans left homeless by the war. This is the third such report written especially for this magazine.

SHORTLY after I arrived in Germany in 1945 I went to visit Wildflecken, one of the largest DP camps in the American occupation zone in Germany. This camp, which was administered by seventeen UNRRA team members at the time, housed over 12,000 Poles in the barracks of a former German Army camp.

The camp was laid out in a very orderly fashion, with broad cobblestone roads connecting different buildings, and with all the accommodations necessary for a self-supporting community.

The stone buildings had been built in 1937-38, so that even in winter, using small wood-burning stoves, the DPs could keep fairly warm in the crowded rooms. We visited some of the troop block houses, large stucco buildings, where the displaced persons lived in family groups—if they had any family. There were sixty such blocks in the camp, each housing 200 to 300 people. For every six blocks there was a large kitchen and mess hall.

Instead of eating at the mess halls, one member of the family would go over at meal times with a container, usually a large tin can, and bring the hot food home to eat in the living quarters. This system seemed to work out very well for the eastern Europeans, who couldn't get used to the idea of eating in large groups. It also provided some semblance of family life, especially necessary for the children.

As we wandered around the camp we found out what the displaced persons did with the space formerly used as messes. In one mess hall small groups of men and women, and even small children, were standing around an ac-

I SAW THE DPs

By Eunice Stunkard

cordion player, singing Polish folk songs, while others danced.

In another mess hall a group of men were having a deep political discussion about the coming elections for camp leader. Displaced persons were overjoyed with the personal and political freedom they found in the otherwise drab camp life. That is why they loved to hold elections whenever any office needed filling, from the camp leader and chief of police down to the captain of the soccer team. The usual procedure after a new officer was announced was to toss him in the air twelve times, in token of high esteem, and then have a feast with whatever food and drink was to be had.

UNRRA team members did all the liaison with the military authorities, and were responsible for providing the inhabitants with food, clothing, and shelter. All the internal camp administration was done by the displaced persons themselves. The camp leader and the council, made up of one elected representative from each of the sixty blocks, comprised the government.

Lesson for the Day

One of the first things the displaced persons did after their liberation was to set up schools for the children, most of whom had never been to school. Among the camp populations there were several former teachers, who took it upon themselves to organize classes in bare rooms. In one class that I visited, the teacher had managed to get a globe and was pointing out to the boys and girls the new boundaries in Europe. Then each pupil had to go to the front of the room and trace the new boundaries with his finger. This was the day's geography lesson!

There were also camp workshops, where carpenters, shoemakers, auto mechanics and joiners and many other craftsmen were plying their trades and teaching young apprentices at the same time. Almost all the furniture and equipment in the camp, as well as the children's toys, had been made in the shops. In the sewing factory, seamstresses were converting army blankets into well tailored coats and were making bed-clothes for the six hospitals maintained by the DPs.

Another interesting DP assembly

center I visited in 1946 was the Latvian camp in the old German town of Esslingen. This camp housed about 6,000 displaced persons, including more than 1,200 children.

All of the men and most of the women were working or studying, and they need very little supervision from the UNRRA teams. One of the main reasons for this independence among the Balts lies in the fact that many of those still in Germany come from intellectual and professional backgrounds. They do not want to go home for political reasons—their homelands are now absorbed by Russia.

In a camp made up of such a high percentage of professional people, one might well imagine that the main emphasis would be upon education. Somehow, the DP teachers had managed to get books and other school supplies and were carrying on kindergartens, elementary, and secondary schools.

Just Marking Time

It was impossible to see all the activities, but I came away from Esslingen with the impression that the whole camp is busy learning and teaching and working. Despite all the work projects, schools, and cultural activities they have built up, the great majority of the displaced persons of all nationalities feel they are just marking time in Germany.

Some will still go home if political unrest in their former countries subsides. Many of the Jewish people now in the camps want to wait in Germany until they can go to Palestine. But the great majority of the displaced persons still in Germany today are looking westward for a new home.

After my visit to these DP camps I became convinced that the displaced persons are capable of doing any task set out for them to do. But what are these people going to be allowed to do?

They are not looking for an easy life in a dream land. They simply want to start over again wherever they think their children might have a chance to grow up without fear of labor camps and burning homes. The Allied occupation armies and the International Refugee Organization are providing temporary care of these people. But the displaced persons wouldn't need to be cared for if given an opportunity to leave Germany and go to some country where they can earn their living and raise their families in a normal fashion.

The Grand March

(Continued)

said, 'I just made it up. Come on, I'll show you.' Then he told me to get behind him and we would march up the stairs to the roof. And he said, 'I'll be the leader because I've got the flag.'

"Well, I'd lost my flag somewhere, so I didn't argue with him. I just asked him who I was supposed to be. He said, 'You're the people. You're all the people, and you have to follow me because I've got the flag.'

"So then we started up the steps and went through the hall and up the stairs past the door of our flat, with Buddy stomping in front and me marching behind. I heard him singing, 'Dark! Dark! Dark!' — not singing loud but sort of chanting it to himself; and then we came out on the roof.

"We didn't stop but went right on marching around the roof, and there was something about the way Buddy looked, and the brightness and the wind blowing on my face, that made me want to cry. I began to think the marching game was wonderful, and then all at once Buddy burst out singing again, at the top of his lungs, like this!"

The girl lifted her head and sang:

"March, march, march, march, march,
march, march!"

Now all the people are marching in the light!"

The rich, full-throated contralto rose and soared and overflowed the room, triumphant and briefly joyous, repeating in the single phrase, that musical fragment, the great theme that David Hammond remembered, and would always remember now.

Then without any pause she was speaking again: "We played the marching game every night for maybe a week or so, and then we didn't any more. But I guess Buddy never forgot —"

"No," David said, "I'm sure he never forgot." He leaned toward her, wishing he could share with her his exaltation for something of value saved from the obscene waste of war and death. But all he could think to say was, "Thank you," and again, "Thank you, Lucy Taylor."

Her look was fixed on the open box that rested like a miniature white coffin. Her hand moved slowly among her brother's childhood treasures.

"I'd like you to have this," she said, and held out to him the gift she'd selected. "Please take it — and keep it . . ."

Going down the stairs Captain Hammond did not think about their darkness. Nor did he have now any sense of shadow within himself.

(Concluded on page 23)

COON TAIL CHARLIE'S M' NAME BOYS! JEST DROPPED BY TA. WARN YE THAR'S A KILLER BEAR LOOSE IN THESE PARTS! BETTER BE KEEPERFUL! WE'LL BE ON THE WATCH FOR HIM, COON TAIL CHARLIE! THANKS FOR THE WARNING!

SUDDENLY... A CALL FOR HELP! IT'S FROM THE GIRLS' CAMP ACROSS THE LAKE!

HELP! LEKKY!

MAHIE THE KILLER BEAR'S AFTER EM!

OK, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

BY DAD! THEM THAR TOOTSIE TOLLS SURE PUT STEAM INTA YER MUSCLE, DON'T THEY? I'M READY TA TAKE ON THAT KILLER BEAR SINGLE-HANDED!

NOW! LISTEN TO THAT EXCITEMENT! SCREECH! EEK!

OH, WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'VE COME! THE KILLER BEAR JUST RAIDED OUR SUPPLIES WHILE WE WERE ASLEEP!

DON'T WORRY, MAMA! WELL, GET THAT BEAR WITH OUR SNIPERSCOPE!

WE'RE SCARED! IT'S SO DARK!

THE SNIPERSCOPE WAS ONE OF THE SECRET WEAPONS USED BY THE ARMY TO SPOT THE ENEMY AT NIGHT. ITS LAMP SENDS OUT INVISIBLE INFRA RED LIGHT RAYS WHICH ARE REFLECTED BY THE TARGET AND PICKED UP AND TURNED TO VISIBLE LIGHT BY THE ELECTRONIC SIGHT.

FLUORESCENT SCREEN IN EYEPIECE

OBJECTIVE LENS

INFRA RED LAMP

POWER KIT CARRIED ON BACK

SNAP CRASH

I SEE HIM! THERE HE GOES!

WHAT CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SEES!

LATER... BY DAD! I NEVER SEED THE LIKES OF IT— SHOOTIN' BEARS AT NIGHT!

AFTER THAT EXCITEMENT, FOLKS, ANOTHER ROUND OF TOOTSIE ROLLS OUGHT TO HIT THE SPOT. COME AND GET 'EM!

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OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1948

SUPPLY LIMITED — FIRST COME FIRST SERVED

HEY, Frank Buck. Better hurry over to Beaver Falls, Pa. The greatest safari since *The Macomber Affair* is going on. A pack of wild-eyed "bird dogs" are flushing the wilds for a rare 17-year-old "duck" weighing 195 pounds.

The "bird dogs" are college football scouts, and the "duck" they're after is James "Bucky" Mutscheller, the greatest end in high school football.

Among the colleges waving athletic scholarships at him are Notre Dame, Indiana, Georgia, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Kentucky, Pittsburgh, Tennessee, Purdue, and Ohio State.

Bucky is a one-man gang on the field. Ask anyone from Ambridge High—Beaver Falls' bitter rival. In their game last season before 15,000 fans, all Bucky did was score two touchdowns, set up a third, and kill three enemy threats by intercepting passes in his end zone.

All in all, Bucky gained 117 yards in five cracks for an average of 23.4 yards per carry, and snared four passes for a net gain of 81 yards.

Football isn't the only sport Bucky stars in. He plays a good game of basketball and is big-league material in baseball. The N. Y. Giants wanted to farm

SPORTS

Short Shots

him out last summer, but Bucky refused. He prefers to go to college. His choice so far is Notre Dame.

A couple of columns ago, I asked whether the 55 points Chuck Debok of Russell (Iowa) High tallied against Lucas High was tops for high school basketball this season. A dozen fans answered the query. But they sent me records dating all the way back to the invention of Don Ameche.

I'm not interested in ancient history. I know that 55 points isn't an all-time mark. Why, only last season, 7-foot, 7-inch Max Palmer, of Walnut (Miss.) High, dunked 78 points against Darling High. (Can't you hear those Walnut fans yodeling, "Darling, we have you in the Palmer of our hands!")?

I'm just interested in 1947-48. To the best of my knowledge, the individual record is now 56 points, scored by Walt Nigrelli, of Westerly (R. I.) High against Sacred Heart.

Two readers—Don McLellan, of East Providence, R. I., and Wallace Graylock, of Norwich, Conn.—put me wise to this performance.

Oddly enough, neither fellow mentioned the fact that Westerly High has won 99 out of its last 100 basketball games. And that 88 of these wins were chalked up in a row. Which means Westerly went through four seasons without a defeat! Central Falls High buried an axe into the streak last season.

Poets cornered: Remember that Ted Williams poem in my December 1 column? Well, the author, Diane Brooks of Stafford Springs, Conn., a brave girl, has composed another epic for you culture lovers. Here it is, for better or for worse:

*The Yankee Clipper upheld his fame,
He starred all year though he was lame.
He hit the ball real hard and far
And acquired, thus, the rank of star.
He proved a menace to other teams
And won renown, as in his dreams.
You may have heard of him, I do not
know,
But just in case, it's DiMaggio!*

Next to a ball, the most vital piece of equipment needed for a basketball game these days is an adding machine. That's the only way to keep track of some of the scores. Prize exhibit is the Rio Grande College—Wilberforce Church U. game. Final score: Rio Grande 118; Wilberforce 116.



Bucky Mutscheller, Beaver Falls (Pa.) High, greatest end in high school football. College scouts are parked five-deep on his lawn.

Shed a tear for poor Rifle (Colo.) Union High. Their football team plowed through a 10-game schedule unbeaten and unscorched upon, yet failed to win its league title!

"This is how it happened," writes Coach Karl D. Ulichny. "Rifle won six games and played four 0-0 ties. Three of these ties were against the same team, Glenwood Springs. The game which ended in the third tie, however had to be continued under the state play-off rules. The ball was put on the 50-yard line and each team given six plays. Glenwood wound up in Rifle territory and hence won the game.

"So, despite the fact that we scored 181 points to our opponents' 0 during the season, we were unable to win our league crown!"

Football fans in southeastern Michigan are still twittering over the odd finish in the Huron League last season. The schools wound up as follows:

	Won	Lost
Flat Rock	7	0
Chelsea	6	1
Milan	5	2
Romulus	4	3
Ypsilanti	3	4
Dundee	2	5
Ann Arbor	1	6
Saline	0	7

A couple of sports fans north of the border—Neil Doherty and Ross Lohmaier, of Cadomin High School, Alberta, Canada—tell me they like my column a great deal but can't understand why I don't write about ice hockey—"the fastest, most exciting, and most action-packed game in the world."

Unfortunately, it isn't played much in the U. S., outside the Far Northern and Midwestern states. That's why I don't write about it very often.

—HERMAN L. MASIN, Sports Editor



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Presence of Mind

One of the late Walter Damrosch's favorite stories concerned the vanity of musicians. On a Fourth of July in Milwaukee, where he was to conduct an Independence Day concert in the evening, a mid-day parade was in progress. Among the musical units was a loud, if not too melodious, German band.

As they swung out of their side street to join the main line of march, their strutting leader, eyes aloft, failed to see an open manhole into which he suddenly disappeared from view.

The group halted with a wild jangle of notes. A cheer went up from the crowd on the sidewalk as the trombonist rushed bravely to the edge of the yawning hole. But in the silence that followed, he was clearly heard to yell into the depths below: "Hey, Herman — who do you want to carry on as leader?"

Ted Nathan, Coronet

Noble Ancestry

Calvin Coolidge was once host to a prominent Englishman who ostentatiously took a British coin from his pocket and remarked, "One of my ancestors was made a lord by the king whose picture you see here on this shilling."

Coolidge went into a pocket and brought forth a nickel. "One of my ancestors," he said, "was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see here."

Literal Translation

Miss Jones: "Give me three collective nouns."

Joe Blow: "Flypaper, wastebasket, and vacuum cleaner."

The Ark Light, Arkansas City (Kans.) St. H. B.



Low Follette in Collier's

"Well, that's a little closer."

What a Question!

Joey Adams tells this one:

I was sitting at one of the front tables at Lindy's, a restaurant in New York, with Lindy, Danny Kaye, and Bing Crosby one night, when a typical "ickie" — one of those guys who look as if they come out once a year — walked over to our table and approached "The Groaner."

"Remember me?" he asked. It's a question that has haunted entertainers everywhere since the beginning of time.

"You look familiar," was Bing's answer. It's the same dodge all actors use in such cases.

"Don't you remember when you worked for my organization, the Knights of Pythias, about 18 years ago?" the stranger continued. "One night after the show we all went out and had something to eat together? Remember you told us that some day you were going to be an important star on the radio, the stage, and the screen?"

"Yes, I do recall," said Crosby, trying to be polite.

"So tell me, Bing," pressed the stranger, "what ever happened?"

Gags to Riches by Joey Adams

Gratitude

"Are you the man who saved my little boy from drowning when he fell off the dock?"

"Yes," was the modest reply.

"Well, where is his cap?"

Mississippi Educational Advance

The Grand March

(Concluded)

Inevitably he thought of the test he had dreaded, the physical examination that he'd have to take tomorrow. By the time he reached the street, he knew he no longer was worried about it. He was no longer afraid of what the doctors would discover in his mind or in his spirit.

He was no longer afraid.

The night air was cool and good to breathe. It was good to be walking the street of an American city, the muffled, oceanic rhythm of which still came serene and unbroken to his ear. He reached the corner and turned south on Lenox Avenue toward the subway.

He was carrying the gift that Lucy had given him, the small American flag that had once belonged to Buddy Taylor. He carried it upright in his hand, clutching it tightly by its slender stick. He knew he must look ridiculous to the shadowy figures he passed on the sidewalk. But he didn't care. He felt as if he were holding on to the one sure thing left in a fearfully shaken and vastly uncertain world.

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What Would You Do? . . .

1. Nan spent the weekend visiting Arlene, who lives out of town. When she puts pen to paper to say "thank you," she: (a) Sends a bread-and-butter letter to Arlene (b) Writes one note to Arlene, another to her mother (c) Sends a note to Arlene's mother. WHICH? 2. During a Paul Jones at a school dance, Hal finds himself stuck with Ellen, who dances like a pogo-stick. Should he: (a) Make the best of it and boost Ellen's morale by pretending he enjoys dancing with her? (b) Send out frantic distress signals to the stag line, behind Ellen's back? (c) Tell Ellen that he's tired and would like to sit this one out? WHICH?



Boy dates girl

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PER.
Practical English

FEBRUARY 23, 1948

Teaching Aids for PRACTICAL ENGLISH

BASED ON MATERIALS IN THIS ISSUE

The Scheme of Themes (p. 5)

Aims

To show students how to collect material for themes, construct an outline for, and write and proofread their themes.

Motivation

Why do teachers assign themes anyway? Is it to pester students and to make work for teachers to take home to correct at night??? Or does theme-writing help young people prepare for life?

Discussion Questions

What are the three reasons why themes are important? Are many articles appearing in popular magazines really themes? (Yes. Examples are articles on how to make things in *Popular Mechanics* and in women's magazines.) Why aren't students' themes more interesting than magazine articles? Why is it best to write on subjects which you know something about and which interest you? How do the five senses help you collect your theme material? What should a rough outline for a theme be like? After you've finished the outline what do you do next? What's a good system for proofreading themes? (Use a check list. See *Activities*.)

Student Activities

Here's a check list to help you make your themes foolproof. When you've completed a theme, check it for each of these points:

- (1) *Words* (correctly used and spelled);
- (2) *Sentences* (complete thoughts; some simple, some complex, some compound; not too many *ands*);
- (3) *Paragraphs* (one main thought; adequate illustrations and explanations; proper linking words to connect preceding and following paragraphs);
- (4) *Capitalization*;

Help for the "Rushed" Teacher

"Why," asks an Albany, Oregon, teacher, "don't you print, in the Teacher Edition, a few objective questions that would do for a check-test on the short story?

"We are appreciating P. E. more and more. I personally would like to thank the editors who quite evidently have the everyday, down-to-earth wishes of the teacher 'in the field' in mind."

Here you are — questions to check-test this week's story, "The Grand March of the United States of America," by Dana Burnet, on page 13. See also "Test Your Reading Skill" (p. 8) for reading exercises on the story. Problem stories (see "The Run of Them," p. 4) will have class discussion questions at the end of the stories.

CHECK-TEST QUESTIONS

Why did Captain Hammond go to visit the Taylor family? Describe each member of the family. How did Buddy Taylor's family feel about his death? Tell how Buddy played the piano for the Russian officers' party. Why did his music do more for the party than all the speeches? Where did Buddy get his ideas for his marching song? What songs best represent the spirit of America for you? Why?

tion (beginnings of sentences, proper names); (5) *Punctuation* (ends of sentences, abbreviations); (6) *Straight Thinking* (ideas developed logically; right conclusions); (7) *Theme Sense* (know what you want to say and say it so that others know what you mean).

For proofreading practice: Use the check list and find all the errors that you can in "My First Visit to the Dentist," on page 5 in this issue. Underline the errors and be prepared to tell why each is incorrect. For extra credit, rewrite the theme correctly.

Note to Remedial English Teachers

Students should be encouraged to write only *short* themes, with emphasis on quality rather than quantity. The theme exercise should grow naturally out of some class project — a study of hobbies or part-time jobs. The class should work as a group to suggest good topics, and good leading and concluding sentences. Specific words that would be helpful can be listed on the blackboard. As much as possible the written work should be done in class under teacher supervision.

For very limited students, concentrate on correct usage and practice, rather than have students memorize rules and analyze why they should do one thing rather than another. Stress correct forms in all phases of writing — in tests, in answers to questions, in summaries and reports.

Critic's Vocabulary (p. 7)

What is the difference between a drama and a melodrama? Between satire and comedy? Here is an exercise in word-building, written with student appeal. For other vocabulary features in this issue see "Shop Talk" (p. 10) and "Words to the Wise" (p. 12).

Dear Joe (p. 9)

Why do students cheat on exams? Why do they copy themes "whole" — out of reference books? Is there a difference between shopping for a bargain

Coming — Next Three Issues

March 1, 1948

Major article: Book reports.

Critical Judgment Series, No. 6: Foreign films vs. Hollywood films.

Reading: Quizzes.

Letter Perfect: Answering requests for information.

Learn to Think Straight: Defining terms.

Dear Joe — from Jerry: Office practice, punctuality, etc.

Getting Your Money's Worth, No. 5: Buying an Automobile.

Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, punctuation, crossword puzzle.

March 8, 1948

Major article: Introductions (including introducing a guest speaker).

Critical Judgment Series, No. 7: Scoreboard for judging movies.

Reading: Quizzes.

Letter Perfect: Contest winners.

Learn to Think Straight: Poor sportsmanship in arguments.

Dear Joe — from Julie: Manners in public, on buses, etc.

Getting Your Money's Worth, No. 6: Buying a house.

Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, vocabulary drills and word games.

March 15, 1948

Major article: Making speeches.

Critical Judgment Series, No. 8: H. S. students as critics.

Reading: Quizzes.

Letter Perfect: Writing telegrams.

Learn to Think Straight: Name-calling, No. 1 — tagging.

Getting Your Money's Worth, No. 7: Making repairs in the home.

Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, usage, crossword puzzle.

and beating a store out of money? Can you cheat in other ways? How about not paying your way in friendship — by returning favors, being considerate, thinking of the other fellow's viewpoint?

Draw up a code of *Right Conduct* and have your class vote on its adoption.

A Room of Your Own (p. 14) Shop Talk (p. 10)

Aims

To give students yardsticks for buying furniture; to arouse student interest in home furnishings and decoration.

Student Activities

Divide the class into committees and assign each committee a project for investigation which interests it. (1) *How to judge a bed.* (Ask store men about construction, springs, mattress, etc.; investigate studio couches, Hollywood beds, bed davenport, Pullman sofas.) (2) Several committees to investigate *prices of house furnishings*: one committee could take chests of drawers, another could study easy chairs. Each group should visit secondhand stores, reconditioned and sample furniture stores, and search the "for sale" col-

umns in newspapers. (3) Investigate rugs and carpets (how to lay them properly; correct color combinations for rooms; throw rugs; pads, etc.). (4) *Good color combinations.* (Collect, mostly from home, sample swatches of drapery and couch cover material; show sample color cards from paint stores, use scraps of wallpaper; give a series of talks on which color combinations go well together; what colors make rooms look light, high, big.) (5) *How to use water paint; how to paper walls; how to clean brushes, etc.* (6) *How to make draperies, couch covers, covers for dressing tables, bed spreads.* (7) *How to make built-in bookcases, window seats, shelves, coffee tables, etc.* (8) *How to choose pictures and mirrors.* (Framing your own; good taste in pictures, etc.) (9) *Should furniture be bought on the installment plan?* (10) *What magazines have helpful ideas for house furnishings; which magazines are impractical?* (Include for study *American Home and Better Homes and Gardens*.)

Have students draw plans for remodeling rooms. Accompany each plan with a complete budget on projected costs and a theme describing how the changes are to be effected.

Discussion Questions

Should every young person — boy or girl — be personally responsible for the cleaning of his own room? Or should you expect your mother to make your bed and clean up for you because you "haven't time"?

Answers to "Test Your Reading Skill" (p. 8)

Quote, Unquote: 1. (a) Grandpa Taylor; (b) That since Buddy was dead now, there was no point in digging into his past; (c) Captain Hammond took the statement as a warning, and it bothered him. 2. (a) Mrs. Taylor; (b) She felt there was something rather sacred about the box containing her dead son's belongings; and she thought it was disrespectful to his memory to break the string, rather than untangling it. 3. (a) It explains that Buddy's "Grand March" had symbolized for Captain Hammond his belief in peace and one world; he had lost that faith because of the misunderstandings which had grown between the allied nations since the end of the war; he searched out Buddy's family because he felt that if he could hear the music again, his faith might be restored. (b) In the beginning of the story, we're told only that Captain Hammond was afraid because men were doubtful; now we realize that he knew their doubts, like his, concerned world peace; and that he feels that if he can regain his faith, all men can do so, and that peace will then be possible, and that it will have been worthwhile to have fought the war. 4. (a) Mrs. Taylor. (b) Buddy Taylor. (c) No. (d) Buddy loved music, and he felt that it was a way to express his emotions, and his beliefs. Mrs. Taylor had no love for music; but she loved her son, and she resented the fact that Buddy's love for music set him apart from his family. 5. (a) No; looking at America honestly, he realized that there were things about it which were not right and honest, and his music reflected these evil things, as well as the good things about America. It hurt him to admit this because he loved America, but he had to face the painful truth.

Words, Words, Words: A. 1-b(S), d(A), 2-a(S), c(A), 3-a(S), b(A), 4-c(S), d(A). B. 1-b, 2-a, 3-a, 4-b.

Answers to "Practice Makes Perfect" (p. 11)

Watch Your Language!: A.: 1-came, saw, conquered; 2-like; 3-Brush, comb; 4-have done; 5-shall hear; 6-sat; 7-Forgive, laugh; 8-Stop, look, listen; 9-moves; 10-called, is. B. 1-started; 2-shall buy or am going to buy; 3-am; 4-batted; 5-dance; 6-will win or is going to win; 7-returned; 8-smell; 9-retreated; 10-hated.

Are You Spellbound?: 1-embarrassed; 2-February; 3-C; 4-C; 5-familiar; 6-embarrassed; 7-fascinate; 8-exaggerated; 9-handsome; 10-knowledge.

Words to the Wise: A. 1-Head, heed, feed, feet. 2-Have, hove, love, lose. 3-Good, food, fool, foul. 4-Love, dove, date, date, hate. 5-Give, live, like, lake, take. B. 1-b, 2-e, 3-d, 4-a, 5-c.

TOOLS FOR TEACHERS

Let *Scholastic Magazines* and these selected teaching aids help you to make your teaching easier, more effective.

SCHOLASTIC FEATURES COMING NEXT MONTH—HELPFUL RESOURCE MATERIALS

China

March 15 in
Junior Scholastic

PAMPHLETS: *What Hope for China* (Series G, No. 123, '47), Nat'l Institute of Social Relations, 1029 17th St., Washington 6, D. C. *China in Ferment*, K. L. Rosinger (Reports, Vol. 22, No. 20, '47), 25c; *Forging a New China*, L. Rosinger (Headline Series, No. 67, '48), 35c; For. Policy Assoc., 22 E. 38 St., New York 16, 25c. *China, Yesterday and Today*, Eleanor Lattimore ('46), Inst. of Pacific Relations, 1 E. 54 St., New York 22, 40c. *China*, A. G. Wenley and J. A. Pope ('44), Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., 25c (free to libraries). "China" (Vol. XI, No. 1, '45), *Building America*, 2 W. 45 St., New York 19, 25c.

ARTICLES: "Report from China," *United Nations World*, Jan., '48. "China's New Constitution," G. W. Mallory, *Foreign Affairs*, Jan., '48. "Dragon in the China Shop," *Senior Scholastic*, Feb. 2, '48. "China's Job Begins at Home," *Nation's Business*, Dec., '47. "Report to the American People on China," W. C. Bullitt, *Life*, Oct. 13, '47.

BOOKS: *China; a Short History*, Owen Lattimore (Norton, '47), \$3. *China's Story*, Enid Meadowcroft (Crowell, '46), \$2. *Thunder out of China*, Theodore White and Annalee Jacoby (Sloane, '46), \$3. *China Takes Her Place*, Carl Crow (Harper, '44), \$2.75. *Ho-Ming, Girl of New China*, Elizabeth Lewis (Winston, '34), \$2.

FILMS: Write to China Film Enterprises of America, New York, for catalogue of films on China.

Fine Arts in America

March 15 in *Senior English Edition*

PAMPHLETS: *University of Arizona Collection of American Arts* (Fine Arts Bulletin No. 3, '48), Univ. of Arizona, Tucson, \$1. *Pioneers of Modern Art in America* ('46), Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8 St., New York 11, \$1.05.

ARTICLES: "Skyline: Status Quo," L. Mumford, *New Yorker*, Oct. 11, '47. "Modern Art and Muddled Thinking," George Biddle, *Atlantic*, Dec., '47.

Coming Up! In *Senior Scholastic*

March 1, 1948

Social Studies: Special feature on transportation: Railroads and Trucking; General Election in Eire.

All Classes: Hats in the Ring — Senator Robert A. Taft; Democracy — Native Fascism in America.

English Classes: Theme — Politics. "Giants in Those Days," by William Allen White; also a scene from *State of the Union*, by Lindsay and Crouse. Story — "Grandpa's Sign," by Ruth McKenney.

March 8, 1948

Social Studies: Can Partition of Palestine Be Made to Work? National Affairs article.

English Classes: Theme — Organizations and Clubs.

Coming March 15: Special social studies section on World Freedom of the Press.

MEMORANDUM

TO: YOU
FROM: Scholastic Writing Awards
SUBJECT: March 5, the National Deadline

Two weeks still remain for your students to submit entries for national Scholastic Writing Awards. (If a newspaper sponsors the program in your region, your deadline will be earlier — February 20.)

Four New Classifications

When your students send in entries, remember Scholastic Writing Awards' four new classifications for 1948 (listed below). Manuscripts have already come in for these categories. Teacher and student interest in them is high.

1. **GENERAL ARTICLE** is included for the style of writing between essay and straight reporting. Biographies are acceptable under this heading as well as the type of articles that general magazines carry.

2. The radio division now includes **RADIO DRAMA ADAPTATIONS**. For this classification students should indicate all source facts — title, author, and publisher — and choose non-copyright sources when possible.

3. **COMMUNITY SERVICE REPORT** lets students write about their own communities. They report on a worthwhile project now in action.

4. The fourth new classification, **INTERNATIONAL LETTER WRITING**, is designed to foster friendship and better understanding of American life. Entries are copies of actual letters sent to students anywhere outside the United States.

International Letter Writing entries are acceptable for both the Junior and Senior Division. Entries for the other three new classifications are eligible only for the Senior Division.

There is still time, in most sections of the country, for students to submit manuscripts for ALL classifications of Scholastic Writing Awards. In sponsored areas, manuscripts are sent directly to the sponsoring newspaper. In all other sections, entries should be mailed to Scholastic Writing Awards, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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